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The Elite Among Us

By IRWIN EDMAN

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TRADE Winds

INSIDE STORIES of what transpired at the last executive committee meeting of the Retail Jelly-Bean Sellers Association indicate that an unexpected burst of drama enlivened the proceedings. The site of next year's convention was under discussion when old Papa Eisenglass demanded a hearing. Papa E. hasn't been active in jelly-bean circles in recent years, but his exploits in the Gay Nineties are still remembered with awe and respect. For instance, it was he who first thought of boosting volume by adding a sourball department, and, again, he led the procession in dropping same when the invention of a special long-sucking sourball threw the whole industry into chaos. When Eisenglass began to speak, therefore, everybody paid close attention.

"I propose a radical innovation for next year's convention," he began quietly. "I propose that attendance be limited strictly to jelly-bean retailers, and that manufacturers be told politely but firmly they are not wanted. This will mean that instead of wandering from one jelly-bean manufacturer's suite—or should I say 'sweet'—to another, and getting so plastered they don't know what month it is, the retailers actually will be able to attend the serious discussions and displays which your committees, at considerable effort and expense, have whipped up for them. Roman orgies—and Scotch old-fashioneds—are all very well at the proper time, but I don't think they'll ever help us solve the problems confronting the jelly-bean industry today."

Papa Eisenglass's words were drowned in a chorus of rage from other committeemen. After he had been hustled from the premises, and his name stricken from the official history of jelly-bean manufacture in America, the committee voted unanimously to confine next year's business meeting to a one-hour session (with lunch thrown in) and leave the rest of the three days open to whatever ingenious manufacturers could contribute.

The committee is now considering a proposal to hold the convention at the Maxwell House, so the delegates will be sure to be good to the last drop. . . .

"THE 1950 INFORMATION PLEASE Almanac" will bear the Macmillan imprint. This will be the irascible Mr. Golenpaul's fifth publisher to date, with a couple of new ones undoubtedly warming up in the bull-pen. . . . Jo Davidson, renowned sculptor and one of our most Independent Citizens, is writing his memoirs for Dial Press. . . . The *Boston Globe*'s Ed Laycock avers that a lady entered the Personal Bookshop and demanded "a light, entertaining novel she could read while knitting and watching television." . . . Josephine Lowman, *New York Post* columnist, has discovered another use for books. She claims women can lose some of that "middle-age spread" by balancing books on their stomachs. Arthur Godfrey commented that the only book that would help him in this fashion was Dr. Eliot's "Five Foot Shelf." . . .

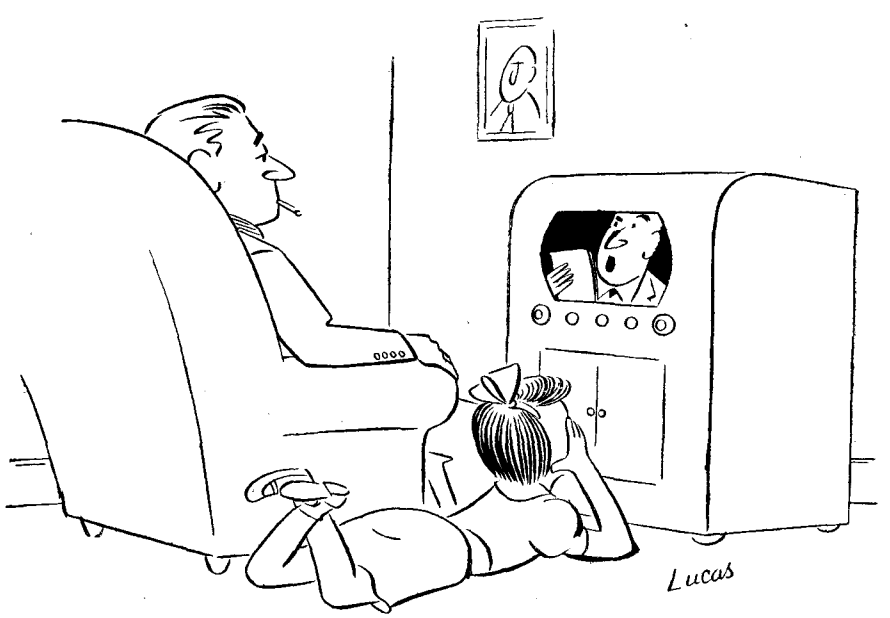
IRVING STONE'S NEW NOVEL, "The Passionate Journey," will be published by Doubleday on September 26. It is the story of an obscure Kansas painter named John Noble, who left behind him a whole warehouse full of canvases that some experts predict will fetch a fortune when the American art world wakes up to their worth. . . . Stone, incidentally, may be an important witness for the Hollywood producer Bill Goetz when the latter brings suit against the dealers who insinuate that the Van Gogh self-portrait he purchased last year is not genuine. I saw this painting in Mr. Goetz's home the last time I was in Hollywood and thought it magnificent. . . . It was in Hollywood, too, that Irving Hoffman overheard two extra girls discussing the Goethe festival at Aspen. "Who is this fellow Goethe to rate all that space in the papers?" asked one. "He wrote 'Faust,' that's all, you numbskull," answered the other. "No wonder I didn't recognize his name," explained the first girl. "Where I come from, they pronounce it 'Gounod'." . . . TRADE WINDS's nomination for the most hilarious book of 1949: "White Collar Zoo," by Charles Barnes, Jr. . . .

STERLING NORTH, who sometimes snoops to conquer, has broken wide open in his column in the *New York World Telegram* the hitherto hush-hush story of the true identity of novelist John Sedges. John Sedges is none other than Pearl Buck, declares Hawkshaw North, and offers these significant facts in support of his contention:

1. Sedges has had two Literary Guild selections out of three published novels: "The Townsman" (in 1945) and "The Long Love" (coming October 20). Miss Buck is the only American writer with such a batting average in book-club circles.

2. Since there is nothing "dangerous" in Sedges's manuscripts, the only purpose of a *nom de plume* can be to keep more than one new book by a famous author from being offered for sale at the same time.

3. North claims that the prose in Sedges's books is obviously written



"Will General Ike save his SHAEF command from destruction? Can the Desert Rats fight in ice and snow? Can Patton move his army 300 miles north in time? Listen next week and. . . ."

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ELIZABETH JANEWAY

What JAMES A. MICHENER, ALICE DIXON BOND, and HARRISON SMITH say about the new novel by the author of *The Walsh Girls* and *Daisy Kenyon*...

"Both a superior novel and a superior attempt to assess our times . . . She portrays the increasingly common American male who has lost the capacity to love . . . She writes beautifully, filling her pages with fresh insight."—JAMES A. MICHENER, *N. Y. Times Book Review.*

"Few women writers have been able to penetrate a man's world with as much sympathy and understanding . . . John Gregory, vital and dramatic figure in war-time Washington, is typical of countless hard-driven Americans who give all their mind and heart to their careers, and in the end are stripped of everything including the ability to love."

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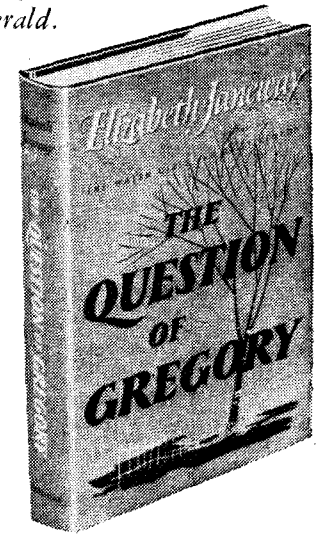
"This is her third and best novel. The promise so evident in *The Walsh Girls* has come to a wise and full maturity."—ALICE DIXON BOND, *Boston Herald.*



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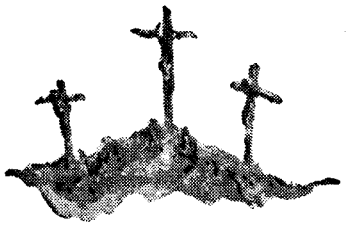
Night fell in the midst of day

. . . and men's hearts trembled



. . . IT WAS an awful darkness that fell at midday as Christ suffered on the Cross. But in the nightfall at noon many obscure forebodings became clear. For the first time, Malchus, whose ear had been cut off by Simon Peter and miraculously restored by Christ, understood the nature of his dying father's command. As his ear throbbed to the beating of Our Lord's heart, Malchus knew that love would always conquer death. And he saw his love for Lucia, beautiful disciple of the wonder Rabbi, in a new and radiant light.

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by a woman—and an accomplished professional woman at that. Miss Buck is "the only female novelist of this caliber who is constantly embarrassed by overproduction."

4. Miss Buck in private life is the wife of Richard Walsh, head of the John Day Company, publisher of both her books and those of John Sedges. She thus is in a perfect position to see that her secret is kept.

5. To cap the climax, John Sedges's new novel, "The Long Love," is billed as "the study of a sound and happy marriage as it is worked out between

—*Frank Adams.*

a steadfast book publisher and his spirited wife."

Impressed by the inexorable logic of Mr. North's presentation, I called Richard Walsh, Jr., and asked him point-blank to confirm or deny the story. Mr. Walsh gave me what W. C. Fields would have called "an evasive answer." . . .

A FIFTY-NINTH STREET BOOK DEALER caught a wispy young man four days in a row trying to purloin a second-hand volume. "Why," he asked plaintively, "do you persist in confining all of your shoplifting activities to my little store?" The young man answered, "Where else could I find such bargains?" . . . A Washington reporter with a column to fill pinned on Pres. Truman the chestnut about how he became a musician. "The Missouri overflowed its banks when I was a lad," were the words put into the President's mouth. "My mother and father floated downstream to safety atop a dining-room table—and I accompanied them on the piano." . . . In the Provincetown Bookshop, a visiting

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esthete belittled a novelist whose family happened to have millions. "Poor old So-and-so," sighed the esthete, "was born with a silver foot in his mouth." He then went on to demolish another writer who goes in heavily for whimsy-whamsy. "The trouble with *him*," was his diagnosis, "is that he got mellow before he was ripe." . . .

HUGHES MEARNS, vacationing in Ulster County from his chores at NYU, dashed off this little fable:

"Now if your work is a biography," said the editor to the young man with the manuscript, "I would not refer it to our Mr. Porchester, for he has not yet recovered from a biography which he had sponsored. The subject of the biography was dead, of course, but the book was even deader. However, if your work is a novel I would not send it on to our Mr. Morriston. No. We were all so sure that he had the right formula, a lovely mixture of murder and adultery with a touch of pornography, but the vast readers of such delicate indecencies had suddenly switched, it seems, to give-away radio programs."

The editor went on sadly, "We used to have five editors and now we have only three—shock, you know. Now your work, my dear young man, is—?"

The young man began to draw a manuscript out of a large envelope. "It is poetry, sir," he said.

A swish and the thud of a body hitting the floor. And now there were only two editors. . . .

THE PHOTOGENIC VAN CARTMELL had occasion to visit Boston recently in search of plunder for the Garden City Publishing Company. One of his stops was the L. C. Page Company, which occupies a stately old Beacon Street mansion not many doors down from Little, Brown. A dignified receptionist made note of his name and requested him to wait in the drawing room at the rear of the floor. Cartmell accordingly pushed open a pair of massive mahogany rolling doors—and ducked just in time to miss two angry pigeons that flew out.

—BENNETT CERF.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 806)

ROBERT FROST:
*NOT OF SCHOOL AGE**

He was too young to go,
Not over four or so.
Well, would I please go to school
And the big flag they had—you know,

. . . . . .

The big flag, the red-white-
And blue flag, the great sight—
He bet it was out today,
And would I see if he was right.

*From "Collected Poems," 1949.

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Bernard DeVoto discusses a new book by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

"MR. SCHLESINGER'S *The Age of Jackson* was a brilliant study of the dynamics of American democracy. But now, though Mr. Schlesinger's study is rooted in our history, it focuses on the most urgent problems of today. It discusses the greatest exterior danger to our society and brings to the analysis such realism and such factual knowledge that it will give many people their first accurate understanding of just how the totalitarian threat acts on us. But, what is more important, it also analyzes the shapes that the threats to democracy inside the United States have taken in our time and anatomizes the dangers they confront us with. In an equally brilliant analysis it describes the recuperative, self-healing processes of democracy at work and the framework within which our native tradition of dynamic liberalism is resisting both exterior and interior threats. Precisely this kind of book has been needed to dissipate the confusion that has befogged and discouraged democratic thinking since the war. It is courageous, brilliant, clear, forcible, deeply learned and wise, and immensely heartening. It is certain to be attacked by the left and the reactionary right with the fullest vigor they are capable of. But also it is certain to clear the minds of many people and to serve as a rallying point for our indigenous liberalism and radicalism. A book for the times rooted in the American realities, it will add power to the constructive forces it describes. I expect it, like its predecessor, to found a school, for it has memorably crystallized and extended much that has been vague and diffuse in liberal thought. It is a distinguished public service."

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The Saturday Review of Literature

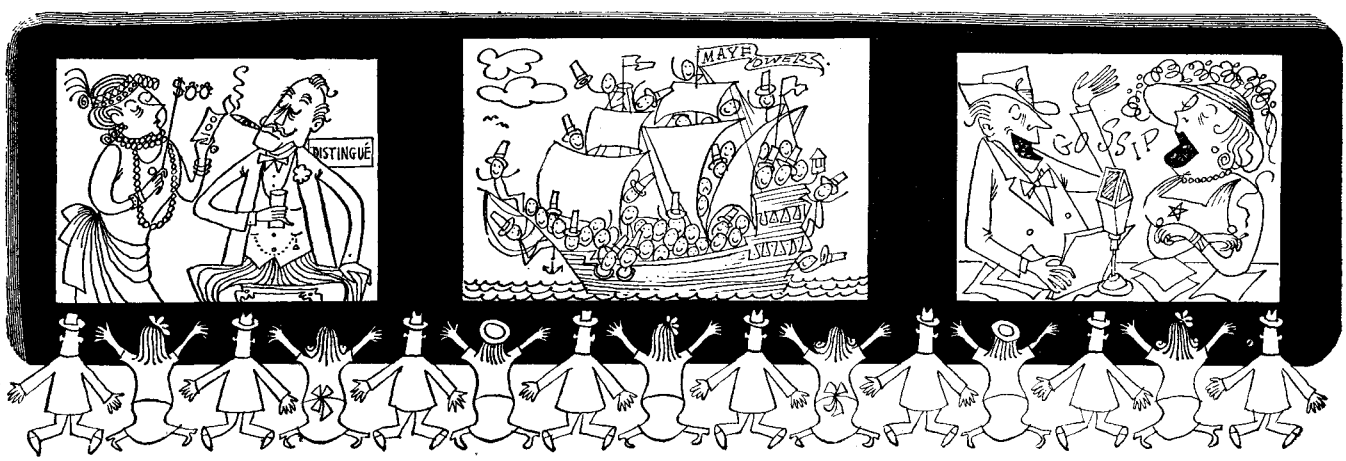
The Elite Among Us

IRWIN EDMAN

ONE of our conventional beliefs in a democratic society is that we do not believe in an elite. In theory at least we have rejected distinction by mere fact of birth, though some of us refer still proudly to first families or to being descendants of those who came over in a small, apparently crowded ship three centuries ago. In theory and in public utterance we have rejected plutocracy, though the obeisance we pay to wealth is still very marked. And despite the lip service we pay to learning we have not taken an aristocracy of intellect too seriously, or perhaps even believed in it at all. Until recently we were a pioneer civilization and some of the myth of a pioneer civilization still persists with us. Many tycoons in air-conditioned offices in skyscrapers in metropolises still talk of free enterprise as if they were hacking away at a wilderness with patience and brawn. We are furthermore a nation devoted to gadgets and practicalities, and to this day we remain suspicious of the contemplative, the dreamer, the speculative mind. Though we tolerate thinkers when secluded in universities, we certainly do not think of intellectuals as an elite, as our leaders, our masters, or our dream image of distinction. No, neither wealth, birth, nor mind in our society seems to constitute for us an elite, a superior class, a chosen few. Something of the contagion of the ideas of the French Revolution is still with us. We do not call each other Citizen So-and-So, but we still feel that each is equally as one, and roundly declare that all individuals are equal. The inquiring reporter consults everybody as to international policy, atomic energy, socialized medicine. The common man and his judgment have become the moral court of last appeal.

Yet the fact is that even in our commitment to equality we are not quite easy about the implications of democracy, and we betray an anachronistic eagerness to have an elite. It has long been cause for amusement that royalty is nowhere so warmly received as in the United States, and in various ways we recognize patents of nobility among ourselves. Deference to wealth has not vanished among us, and solid citizens to a good many people still suggest shirts stuffed with blue chip stocks or bonds. There is still a feeling, despite all our boasts of equality, that family heritage does matter, and lately we have been told by T. S. Eliot (and there are some who have listened closely) that it matters a very great deal. And the almost religious ceremony we make of college commencements, the deference we pay to academic honors, Phi Beta Kappa keys, and LL.D.'s, is a sign that the cult of distinction has not vanished among us. Failing all else we make a royalty of movie stars or of executive-looking handsome men who pose in the advertisements as men of distinction.

ALL this may be explained by saying simply that there is a natural snob in all of us. Even those of us who think we are pretty good cannot help looking for and toward our not impossible betters. And it is here that the paradox of democratic idealism becomes evident. There are some things about the equalization aspect of democracy that have for a long time now depressed and discouraged and even dismayed some of those who have been the blindest defenders of freedom and justice involved in the democratic ideal. In the confusions present we sometimes yearn for an elite who might clearly and gladly be accepted as leaders. In the standardization of a society where all are equals, we long for those to whom we can look as genuine exemplars of excellence. We have come to suspect that equality may come to mean, perhaps has already come to mean, equality of helplessness and chaos,



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that we are all equally in the same boat and that the boat is drifting, or sinking. We have come to feel that we have achieved equality at the expense of individuality, that we are coming into an age where we are all equally dull and all bleakly indistinguishable. We are not the first to have such fears for the future of democracy. Emerson long ago looked with a jaundiced eye on the growth of regimentation, on the spread of democracy. That perceptive and patrician mind De Tocqueville, with all his sense of a new world and of possibilities on the American continent, saw as one of the more dangerous possibilities the spread of mediocrity and undistinction. The caucus, the ballot box, have been celebrated as instruments for freedom; they are, as we have many historical occasions to know, the instruments of machine politics and of demagogues. Meanwhile our physical machinery has given us mass individuals as well as mass consumption, and communication itself, in the large-scale machinery of syndicated press and movies for the millions, has given us standard patterns of action, feeling, and thought that are nothing less than alarming.

EVEN our vaunted faith in education has reduced education to mass standards of mass production. In certain state universities there are classes in history consisting of twelve hundred, and overflow audiences listening to a professor over a loud speaker. It is nothing to read of a university graduating four thousand students in one day. In the early nineteenth century, liberals could place the hopes of democracy in the spread of popular education. It was hopefully assumed that to know how to read was to know how to think. When radio began it was assumed that broadcasting was still, and would be still, another instrument by which enlightenment and vision could be communicated to millions. Print and radio broadcasting and television are still great instruments, but the vogue of the comic book and the gossip columnist, the wisecracking comedian and the soap opera is hardly testimony to the raising of distinction and excellence in our society. It is not the wisest writers and speakers who have the wisest audiences. Nor are we altogether to be encouraged by the large figures of book clubs and best sellers. The success and serenity books, the guides to salvation, the sex-spiced historical costume novel, these are not calculated to encourage those who have hopes for democracy, any more than are the tabloid newspapers and the routine Hollywood movie.

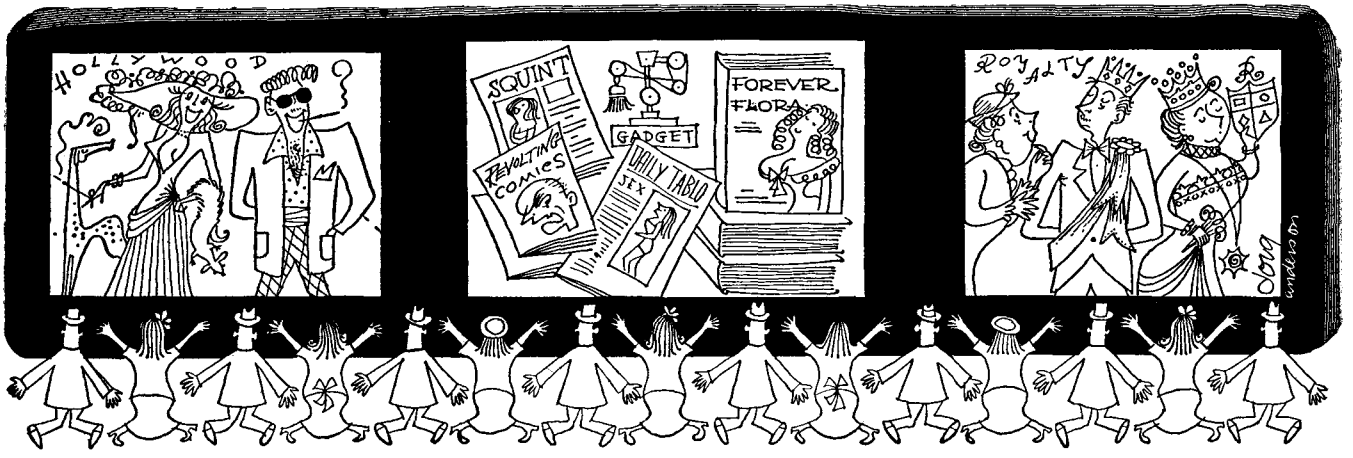
THIS discouragement with the second-rateness of democracy among us is not a new thing. Shortly after the First World War it became a fashion among the young writers and artists to flee the American scene, the term itself being used as something between sadness and contempt, the American scene connoting the tasteless, the cheap, and the dull. It was the period in which Sinclair Lewis gave us "Babbitt" and "Main Street," the epoch when we discovered the emptiness of life in Middletown. Disenchanted observers, like George Santayana, could write with only half-affectionate disdain of our childish love for bigness and speed, and of that constant restless movement we mistook for progress.

But those who fled these shores found to their dismay that what they thought was peculiarly American was simply another name for the modern and the new. They found that speed, largeness, standardization, dulness, and mediocrity were not confined to this side of the Atlantic. The movement toward the large scale, the standardized, the equalized, the mechanized, are not phases of American life only. They are part of the increasing socialization and increasing mechanization of the modern world. The very social and legal mechanics which are bringing security to ordinary men are tending to make life itself more ordinary, rigid, and commonplace. This has become the century, not of the common, but of the commonplace, man.

Obviously a great many people have come to feel that something more is needed to justify life, to give it meaning, to give it beauty and joy, than a bare security, minimal equality, and that rough, mutual decency we call justice. Without these things life is disturbing and neurotic. With them, as we are beginning to find out, it can be dull. We have come on the whole to wish to insure all citizens against unnecessary insecurity, against the socially reducible terrors of old age, of illness, and unemployment. We wish human beings to be safe against the major terrors of tyranny and suppression. But to be well housed, well fed, well clothed, is not to live with joy; to be able to live without threat of war is not a guarantee that a peaceful life will be worth living. It is not certain that if people are left free to speak their own minds, they will have anything to say. It is conceivable that we may achieve a world free from war and from want and that in that world life might not be worth living. We may have all the conditions of a good life for all, but the color, the vivacity, the distinctiveness which render life interesting may have utterly vanished.

It is not impossible to imagine a society so standardized that it would be totalitarian under a familiar name; that name might be democracy. Indeed there is evidence that in our fright about the threat of Communism, we may all be herded into a narrow, fearful conformity. The great ogre we have now constantly in mind is regimes of political regimentation. But there are subtler forms of regimentation, too—those of the machine, of standardized advertising and gadgetry, of mass production of taste, as well as of goods. Occasionally middle-aged or older people speak wistfully of the grace of a day that is dead, of the patrician values of an

(Continued on page 41)



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U.S.A. *The significance of the last Presidential election, as is true in most elections, was confused and complex, but one fact seems clear—a great number of Americans were determined not to forsake the liberalism of F. D. Roosevelt for either the nostalgic charms of McKinleyism or the fast souring dream of Communism. But this "non-Communist left," as Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., calls it, requires leadership and a sense of mission if its victory is not to prove Pyrrhic. Mr. Schlesinger provides some of this sense of mission through "The Vital Center," his just-published book, which Jonathan Daniels reviews below. . . . The number of books which can make economics seem interesting is exceedingly small. Norman Ware's little book on "Wealth and Welfare" (reviewed by David Cushman Coyle on page 12) is such a book, and all the more estimable because it deals with problems affecting everyone today.*

Ready to Be Radical

THE VITAL CENTER. By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 274 pp. $3.

By JONATHAN DANIELS

YOUNG Arthur Schlesinger has turned from the age of Jackson to the age of us. It does not seem a long way. He has written of our phase in the development of effective democracy with the same combination of scholarship and conviction which he has given to the past. Certainly his is not the first book which has dealt with the conflict in our time between Communism and democracy, though it is one of the most effective. It is not the first book which has arrayed the democratic answer in that conflict with compelling force. What he has written that is new is the exciting story of a generation which was too young to be deluded by the false Russian promise when it seemed still untarnished, and has attained maturity with the increasing effectiveness for people of the modern American democracy.

Of the irreconcilable conflict of our world, he says for his generation which was too young to hear the first promises or lies out of Riga, "we had no dreams to lose." Instead his generation grew up at a time when it was provided "a look at the corpse" of the illusion that the Russian Revolution set men free. More important, it is the generation which has seen the development in America of a democracy which has been able at the same time to maintain individual liberties and to provide democratic controls of economic life. No man old or young has written with such logic and devotion together of the "non-Communist left," which in the United States in the past seventeen years has caught and held the faith of men who in terms of their traditions of liberty believe that government may serve them without enslaving them.

Mr. Schlesinger does not merely write about the things which free men might do to meet the challenge of Communism. In a real sense he has written about the things which free men under activist liberal leadership have done. As such his book is one of the most illuminating defenses yet written of the whole New Deal and Fair Deal through both Roosevelt and Truman. A good many people, of course, will not like it. He flays with equal vigor the failures of Old-Guard plutocrats and the phony intellectuals and progressives. Particularly he lets loose a magnifient scorn on those who presumed to be our intellectual leaders who, if they did not actually join the totalitarians in trying to transform "depravity into a way of life," at least helped confuse men in their opposition to them. Metropolitan intellectuals may like him and his book least of all for his statement that "the conceptions of the intellectual are at last beginning to catch up with the instincts of the democratic politician."

And the democratic people: In the election of 1948 "the American people voted with some definiteness against the restoration to power of the business community; at the same time they repudiated the Wallace movement. America, in other words, was going left—but it was categorically a non-Communist left." Of course, that is not merely a "non-Communist left," it is an American left—and even "left" is a strange non-native word. Schlesinger himself has trouble with the terms that have grown up about such discussions. He goes back to the Civil War to substitute "doughface" for fel-

THE AUTHOR: For the past four years Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., has been expecting someone would write a book synthesizing present liberal thought. Finally, he guessed he'd better. The result is "The Vital Center," several of whose chapters have been published in various magazines. "This book, however, is not just anti-Communist," he insists. "There are dangers from the right, too. I don't see any great difference between reactionary Republicans and Party-liners. But through Americans for Democratic Action [which he co-founded], the trade-union movement, and the Democratic Party we are going to get some very effective leadership developed." While he thinks "Communists are very much on the skids here—in fact, in most of the world," he favors "some kind of limited loyalty program in sensitive Government bureaus." "The notion that Washington is in a sort of terror is very much exaggerated. There have been injustices, of course, but if more people fight them and win, it will be harder and harder to get away with outrages. I myself was held up a few weeks for investigation a year ago when Averell Harriman asked me to come overseas with him for ECA." During the war Schlesinger worked with the OWI and OSS, and immediately after was a free-lance writer in Washington. In 1947 he joined his father in Harvard's history department, as associate professor. Last July he started his "History of the Week" column for the *New York Post Home News*. "I may be a liberal in politics," he says, "but I am conservative when it comes to progressive education. I went to public schools, Exeter, Harvard, and Cambridge, and I favor such schooling for my four children"—his No. 1 recreation. He has been working three years now on "The Age of Roosevelt," a book that will be a contemporary complement to "The Age of Jackson," which won the Pulitzer Prize in 1946, when he was twenty-eight. It will occupy him for the next year or so. Any possibility of his running for office after that? Well—no comment.—R. G.

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low traveler, though I suspect that few modern Americans remember the time when "doughface" was the American word for the masks and false faces children wore at Christmas.

The terminology is difficult in all such discussions as this one. But the essence of the argument is never hard to follow in "The Vital Center." Young Arthur Schlesinger believes that he is a member of an American generation at mid-point in "this ghastly century," which has fully found its way down a road running into the future but straight out of the American spirit. If the century has been so far ghastly, there is not one word of weakness or fear in the conviction with which Schlesinger faces the second half of it. He does not minimize the terror in our world. He is aware of the dangers. He emphasizes man's imperfectibility. But the basic spirit of this book is confidence in America and in his generation, which is ready to be radical but determined to be free.

Even many Americans will find this a vigorously partisan book, but certainly all will find it a brilliant and vital one. It seemed to me one of those books which may suddenly and clearly announce the spirit of a time to itself.

There have been other such in recent times. Just seventeen years ago, the year before Roosevelt came to the White House, John Chamberlain wrote his "Farewell to Reform" for a confused generation. The whole history of reform then seemed to Chamberlain only the homesickness of the progressives for return to the simpler capitalism of the American past. The whole sum of their progress seemed to him to bring America only to a situation where the intelligent man could only turn to cynicism or revolution. I think that what Arthur Schlesinger announces for us and for his generation is that the revolution has occurred, that we are its actors and its heirs, and that out of an unbroken tradition of liberty we have established the dynamic pattern beside which loud Communism can be recognized already as a moribund tyranny.

Finally, let me say, what Schlesinger has already said in his "acknowledgments" to others, that this is no one man's plan for the free life and the good life together on this earth. Many contributed to it. Actually it was not written. It grew. And its prophets were the people themselves. Its spokesmen and doers were their own politicians. And they will sweep on and past not only our own ineffectual plutocrats and confused doughfaces but also the tyrants of the most hideous hypocrisies imposed upon an anxious world.

This is a book which should be read not merely because of the brave eloquence of its author, but because of the conviction with which he reports the advent of a courageous mid-century generation equipped not merely with fears but a lucid and compelling faith.

Jonathan Daniels is editor of the Raleigh *(N. C.)* News and Observer.

Wrens

By Witter Bynner

DOWN the road in robes of thunder
Came a man intent on plunder
Among other men,
But his heart was rent asunder
By the instantaneous wonder
Of a dancing wren.

If a bird at dawn were singing
To another wren unwinging
Even the height of trees,
If two tiny birds were bringing
Close to earth all starry swinging,
He would be like these.

So he tried to join their playing,
Join their singing and their swaying
And to be as they,
But whatever he was saying,
Both the wrens without delaying,
Stopped and flew away.

Travel in Time

WEALTH AND WELFARE. By Norman Ware. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 231 pp. $2.50.

By David Cushman Coyle

MR. WARE's book has the first of literary—if not of academic—virtues: it offers enjoyable reading for those who would be benefited by reading it. Such readers will be people who are interested in business and its relation to government, and who have an A.B. degree, or at least have read some historical novels so as not to think the feudal system started in Kentucky.

The thesis of this book is that our political-economic setup is the result of its own past history, complicated by such disrupting adventures as the expansion into the new world and the growth of technology. Capitalism is only one of our ancestral ways of doing business, and capitalism is not what it was when Victoria and General Grant presided over its two principal branches.

Travel in time as well as in space broadens the mind, and the mind is broadened by meeting in the old days the feudal system that brought a kind of order among the robber barons, so much like the overlordship of U. S. Steel which, under King Morgan I, tamed Carnegie and the others to the status of gentlemen. Then there were guilds that won freedom by combination and then ossified it into monopoly, illustrating that the eternal vigilance that protects freedom must always include safeguards against the daughters of earlier revolutions.

After the guilds had sewed up such primitive trade and industry as there were, the earthquakes struck and struck again. Contact with the ancient learning was re-established, for good and ill. America appeared on the map, and a flood of gold and silver inflated the Old-World markets. The Reformation and its wars plowed up the roots of the old social order. The modern Western World hatched out, young and full of ignorance, ready for any deed.

Mr. Ware traces the lurid past of European ideologies that migrated to America, and became traditions honored here, if sometimes in the breach. There were the mercantilists, a variegated brood that would have appreciated the Smoot-Hawley tariff, as they did many an earlier folly. One of their offspring was King George III, who tried mercantilism on the American colonies; another was Alexander Hamilton, who, as Mr. Ware says, thought that sauce for the goose

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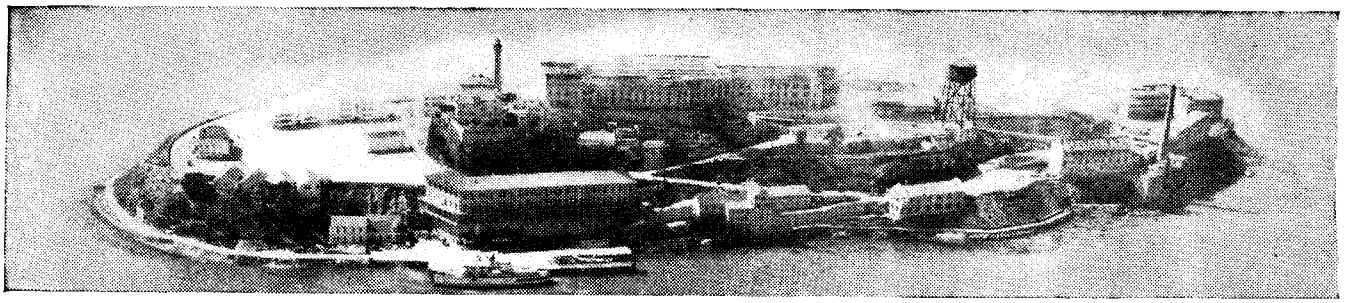

—From "Alcatraz Island Prison."

should be sauce for the gander. There were the physiocrats, or planters, who influenced Ben Franklin and Thomas Jefferson and invented some of the philosophy that finally led the South to Appomattox.

Meet also Adam Smith, who invented the idea of "free enterprise," and would have been astonished if he could have dropped in on the Liberty League 160 years later, after "size as such" had wiped out that competition of equals that he had taken for granted. Here is where we came in, with free enterprise building monopoly once more, and the sovereign once more dim-wittedly hesitating between the pleasures of tyranny by divine right or, on the other side, the profits to be gained by enforcing freedom on his security-loving subjects.

Meanwhile America, that talked free enterprise and lived by subsidizing business during its first 150 years, comes to the point where "we must give the monopolists, who have talked so loudly about free enterprise, some free enterprise they will not like, but which will be good for them and the nation as a whole."

We have been infants too long, says Mr. Ware. For those who already know a guild from a sewing circle this fast-moving, humorous, and intelligent tale of our own wild youth will serve as a peculiarly painless step toward maturity.

Native to That Place

By Dilys Bennett Laing

MEN who with wide and narrow eyes
investigate the huge and little
have not been able to devise
lenses to pierce to Paradise.

Apocalypse to any saint
is heaven frescoed in his skull
and the angelic brother's paint
on the cell wall at last grows faint.

Without a crown or telescope
the child who sings because he wakes
inhabits heaven past the hope
of Galileo or the Pope.

America's Devil's Island

ALCATRAZ ISLAND PRISON AND THE MEN WHO LIVE THERE. By James A. Johnstone. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 276 pp. $3.50.

By Edwin H. Sutherland

THE American public has had a great curiosity regarding Alcatraz Island Prison in the bay of San Francisco. This prison is popularly known as "The Rock," or "America's Devil's Island." James A. Johnstone, the dean of American prison wardens and the warden of this Federal prison from its inception in 1934 to his retirement in 1948, has written a description of Alcatraz Island Prison. This description consists largely of thumbnail sketches of his prisoners, organized around such topics as escapes, the prison lawyer, and prison discipline. For instance, he has a chapter on Al Capone and the many attempts by Capone to secure special privileges. Warden Johnstone uses the same pattern of writing that he used in his earlier book, "Prison Life Is Different," in which he described the two state prisons of California where he had been warden.

Alcatraz Island Prison is the "maximum custody" prison in the Federal prison system. Other Federal prisons, such as those in Leavenworth or Atlanta, have high, thick walls and steel bars and are generally regarded as maximum custody prisons. Alcatraz Island Prison differs from these other Federal prisons in that it is used exclusively for prisoners needing maximum custody. Persons who are convicted of violations of Federal criminal laws are not committed by the court directly to Alcatraz Island Prison, but they are transferred to this prison from other Federal prisons. One or more of three criteria is used in the selection of prisoners for confinement in Alcatraz Island Prison—the number and violence of previous crimes, the number of escapes from prisons, and the extent to which the criminal is a trouble-maker.

When the prisoners were being transferred in 1934 from other Federal prisons to the new Alcatraz Island Prison, the warden sent a wire in code to the Attorney General of the United States and to the director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons on the receipt of each group of prisoners, such as "Fifty-three crates furniture from Atlanta received in good condition—installed—no breakage." Although some danger may have existed while the prisoners were in transit, no reason for this attempt at secrecy after the prisoners were locked in their cells on Alcatraz Island can be imagined except that these authorities wished to dramatize the situation.

The reader of this book tends to develop considerable respect for the prison and its administrative policies. He gets some facts by which to appraise these policies, such as that not one prisoner has escaped alive, so far as known; only one prisoner committed suicide from 1934 to 1948; fewer prisoners become psychotic in this prison than in other Federal prisons. It is, however, somewhat difficult to interpret these facts; they may be due to the superior administrative policies of this prison, or in part they may be due to the superior strength of character of these leaders of the criminal underworld. These prisoners are more consistent in their deviation from the codes of ordinary society, and because they have become more completely integrated in a deviant culture they are more frequently diagnosed as psychopathic.

One chapter is devoted to letters and memoranda written by the prisoners. This chapter is designed to show how the prisoners react to the prison. This chapter is done as well, probably, as it could be done by a warden. For no warden is in intimate contact with the life of the prisoners, and in that sense it can be said that no warden can understand his prisoners.

Edwin H. Sutherland, head of the Department of Sociology at Indiana University, is author of many books on crime, law, and criminology.

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Fiction. *Those who remember Raphael Sabatini as a past master of romantic tales, now almost forgotten, will find his latest, "The Gamester," one of the best historical novels of the year. It is the authentic story of the French Court and John Law, the fabulous Scotch gambler who brought about universal ruin through his monopoly of the finances and foreign trade of France. A novel destined to satisfy or satiate its readers is Erskine Caldwell's "Place Called Estherville," the old Caldwell story of poverty and licentiousness in the South. Pamela Frankau reveals the anatomy of true love in "The Willow Cabin," a convincing story set among the people of the theatre. George Howe's "Call It Treason" can be recommended for his study of traitors in the German Army. Nigel Dennis, a book reviewer now novelist, writes a successful story about another product of our day, the synthetic, professional liberal, in "A Sea Change."*

Comic Citizens of the South

PLACE CALLED ESTHERVILLE. By Erskine Caldwell. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 244 pp. $2.75.

By Harrison Smith

IN A review of Erskine Caldwell's "Tragic Ground," Jonathan Daniels wrote that the American lower depths were very funny, indeed, and that "Tobacco Road" had amused more people than "Abie's Irish Rose." Almost any critic who attempts to be fair about any of Mr. Caldwell's latest books has to curb his wrath at his obvious attempt to get a laugh out of the sick souls, the moral delinquents, rapists, idiots, and sadists whom he has turned into cartoon strips of citizens of the South. Obviously, there are customers by the tens of thousands for anything he writes, for the million or so Americans who have read him know by this time that they are going to get a stronge dose of eroticism and bawdy humor along with whatever brutal lesson in race relations and poverty he chooses to teach.

Now that prosperity has flooded or crept into the South Mr. Caldwell has moved away from the drooling grandpappies and the rest of the creatures he found among the sharecroppers, and has concentrated on the plight of the hapless Negroes living amongst lecherous and murderous whites in the slums of Southern cities and towns. These are in turn becoming caricatures, and it is to be hoped that in time either his audiences will be sick of them, or that he will run out of new material to exploit for gruesome laughs.

He has called his latest book "Place Called Estherville," and it is fortunate for the author's continued health

Erskine Caldwell—"a strong dose of eroticism and bawdy humor."

and the future of the town itself that there is no such place on the map. Estherville is an outwardly peaceful little town, sleeping under the hot sun. The tourist might drive through it and think how pleasantly monotonous life would be in this calm retreat. According to Mr. Caldwell, it is a sink of iniquity, a nest of drowsing copperheads and rattlesnakes.

In the afternoon the pale and slack manager of the bank is meditating the seduction that evening of the high-color gal slaving for his wife who pays her in old clothes instead of cash. The cop on the corner is licking his lips while he muses on the Negro he hopes to beat up later and throw into the jail house. The boys loafing along the street are planning to gang up on a colored girl after sundown, strip her, and rape her in a shed around the corner from the drugstore. Two or three abandoned or neglected wives and the lovely and degenerate daughter of the town's rich man are trying to get their hands on the handsome and terrified colored youth who delivers the groceries, or cooks and waits on the family table. One of the town's physicians is plotting with the owner of the hardware store to get a colored boy to buy a bicycle at twice its value and then take it away from him when he can no longer pay the doctor five dollars a week. Estherville is a merry town, all right, and there is a laugh on every other page.

Oddly enough he succeeds in making fun of the miserable colored boy and his almost white sister who came to Estherville from the country to live in a hovel with penniless and sick Aunt Mattie. Both of them are so amusingly naive. The eighteen-year-old boy falls squirming and protesting into every trap; the girl permits herself to be outraged repeatedly with wonderfully philosophic calm. The boy is, of course, doomed from the start. He has had a year or two of rural education, an unforgivable affront to Estherville, and he is obviously old enough to relieve the boredom of spinsters, neurotic girls, and lecherous wives, and also to afford any gang of white lads a pleasant evening of torture. One day he is murdered by a farmer who is a notorious "nigger-hater" because the half-insane girl he is living with accuses the poor wretch of attacking her.

For the reader it is like living in an insane asylum specializing in sex maniacs and sadists; you become used to the inhabitants and are not at all surprised that they are all alike. It is a surprise at the end, however, to find one decent white human being, an elderly doctor, who had spent his life sacrificing himself to the maladies of Negroes and their natural enemies. And it is odd to discover that this familiar character out of so many romantic melodramas is the most unlikely and unbelievable white man in the cast. Pretty Kathyanne, who has nobly endured seduction and rape so many times, had to be saved somehow to balance the story. Something good must somehow come out of Gomorrah! The deus ex machina in this case is a fine young colored man who has loved her all along and has endured patiently her continual defeats. When she has a beautiful girl baby by her first seducer, he agrees to marry her. As the doctor leaves the girl, he delivers as corny a valedictory as we have read in a long time. ". . . It's my guess, she's a quadroon . . . the baby's going to outdo her mother for looks, and that's going a far piece, I can tell you . . .

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It's just what nature always strives for—to produce a beautiful woman—and there's no arguing with nature in this life." Thus consoled for her misadventures with white human nature Kathyanne blesses the doctor, who is so overcome with astonishment that he opens the door and falls dead. At least, he must be dead, for here is the last sentence of the novel, "And then, suddenly, and without a murmur of protest, the gray overcoated body fell to the freezing ground of Gwinnett Alley."

So here is Erskine Caldwell's latest success. Perhaps it will finally answer Jonathan Daniel's comment five years ago: "It is time for some decision as to whether Erskine Caldwell is a writer concerned with the socially significant in the lower depths of American life or whether he has found modern pay dirt in comedy at the expense of the half-wit and the deformed." This writer made his decision some time ago. "Place Called Estherville" merely serves to confirm it.

Spying for Freedom

CALL IT TREASON. By George Howe. New York: Viking Press. 344 pp. $3.

By Edmund Fuller

MR. HOWE has written a spy-suspense novel, skilful of its kind and possessing plus values not common to books of its genre. These added qualities have earned for it the Christophers Award, rather vaguely defined as being for a book "in accord with Christian principles and not against them." The tense, tight-knit action pattern of the story is illuminated by sensitive and searching insights into the heart of an idealist whose unsparing honesty with himself leads him into a private Way of the Cross.

As the Seventh Army advanced to the banks of the Rhine, in the Mannheim area, in February 1945, it was the function of one branch of the OSS to obtain military information through the use of volunteer "traitors," enlisted from among the German prisoners. Such agents were known in the American Army as "Joes." They were screened meticulously before acceptance, and when sent upon missions were equipped with German gear down to the finest detail and with elaborate papers forged with incredible ingenuity and stamped with the official daily stamps right down to the night on which they were parachuted into the besieged Reich. Some carried radios and sent back their reports from the field. Others were on short missions requiring them to make the difficult transit back through the lines by a given time to report in person.

Mr. Howe was in just this branch of the service. The question that germinated his novel is: "Why does the spy risk his life? For what compulsion, and after what torment in himself?" His answer involves three basic motives: "riches and risk and faith." In his story, three Joes go out, one for each of these primary reasons. The Tiger is a flamboyant, opportunistic German Communist. As much money as he can get and the prospect of power through preferment impel him. Who knows? One could become mayor of Mannheim after its occupation. Paluka, a Russian who is to travel with the Tiger as his radio operator, is one who courts risk and adventure, and no basic disloyalty is involved for him. These two are to conduct a "morale" operation within Mannheim in hopes of delivering the city, in due time, with a minimum of resistance.

The third Joe is nineteen-year-old Karl Maurer, son of a Berlin doctor who has been as anti-Nazi as it was possible to be and survive. To the downright embarrassment of the American team when asked why he is volunteering, he replies simply, "*Für die Freiheit.*"

His is the hardest mission of all. Dropped well behind the lines, it is his task to make his way to the front at Mannheim, ascertain the location and strength of two divisions, and with this vital information cross the Rhine and re-enter the American lines.

Karl Maurer believes that he is serving freedom, and in so doing is serving Germany. Yet the naked fact of being a spy and a traitor is hard to assimilate. As he moves among his own people, a hunted figure whose life depends upon consummate cunning, he is rent by a multiplicity of emotional conflicts. His deep idealism and the attitude toward human life derived from his father cause him to jeopardize himself terrifyingly by refusing to resort to ruthless acts of slaughter and betrayal which common sense and the code of war dictate for his own safety. In all the incongruity of his role he finds it possible to perform acts of kindness and mercy.

The author is said to have written "Call It Treason" during a long hospitalization. If we can expect something as good as this from his invalidisms, Mr. Howe should break another leg.

In Love, Love, Love

—*Fayer, London.*

Pamela Frankau — "distinction without shock or oversimplicity."

THE WILLOW CABIN. By Pamela Frankau. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 341 pp. $3.

By Marjory Stoneman Douglas

IT IS an extraordinary thing about love. No matter how many books, since Gutenberg, have been written about the mutually tender selflessness and passion between man and woman, there is still so much power, life, radiance, and eternalness in this most documented of emotions, that it seems as if our modern creative literature could not go on without it.

So massive has been the output on the subject that distinction in the writing of a love story has been harder and harder to achieve. The simple he-and-she romance has become too simple even for its ancient haunts in the women's magazines. To attract attention nowadays writers about love seem to have to use shock methods; the frankest possible descriptions of the sexual act or the crude male talk which makes best sellers of modern war books, or revelations and interpretations of the tragic and varied forms which the violence under frustration of this deep, necessary thing is now recognized to assume.

When I say, therefore, that I think "The Willow Cabin" is at once a charmingly written, excellently characterized, subtle and wise novel, I mean to say that I think it has a true distinction, gained without shock or oversimplicity. It succeeds because it presents love between a woman and a man as the most unique, eternally new and electric of all human experiences.

Miss Frankau succeeds first because

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she is able to convince us of the living reality and subtlety of her main character, young Caroline Seward. It is true she seems at first just another of these leggy, green-eyed, talented, unhappy young modern heroines who crowd modern novels. But her life has a force of its own. Her unusual acting ability, her passion for words and for poetry and the million-faceted aspects of human beings, are real. Her stage presence is so real that one feels cheated of much fine theatre stuff when she falls in love, deeply and completely, with a brilliant older surgeon, Michael Knowle.

The publisher's blurbs about this book compare, I think unfortunately, the selfless passion of Caroline Seward to that unforgettable heroine of "The Constant Nymph." As real and as unique a person, Caroline Seward has not the same story at all.

It is not the simple story of undying love for which so many poets and novelists seem able to devise no other end than death. The end, the purpose, of this novel is not death, but growth. It has the true Platonic theme of one deep human love which can lead to a wider one, which is a deeper understanding of human life. This story is unique because it leaves the young

woman who has rejected all her world for love, to face and understand and grow up to the quality of the other woman, whom her lover loved more deeply.

The story's background ranges from London to Boston (oh, those steps going down into the bar of the Ritz in Boston) to California and back again, with the theatre and the theatre's people coming out strong and real throughout. It seems to me that the two chapters, toward the end, in which suddenly we see the early life together of the man and the second woman, are badly contrived. Some of the earlier chapters up to and during the war, drag too much. Miss Frankau's pace and her sense of the architechtonics of a novel, cannot compare with the excellencies of her style, her knowledge of humankind, and her ability to make her characters live and grow.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

BURIED AUTHORS

Mrs. Burr Lincoln, of Harbor Beach, Mich., submits twenty sentences in which she has buried the names of well-known authors, some of them not so dead. Allowing five points for each one you can dig up, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 19.

1. The little girl took a long hop every time she came to a mud puddle.
2. Stately mansions interspersed by an occasional cottage lined the main street.
3. "A pat on the back"—so says a child psychologist—"is sometimes advised, especially if the pat is hard enough and low enough."
4. His pursuers saw the spy riding far ahead of them.
5. The senior history class has begun the review of World War I.
6. The fliers could see Germany—or what they thought was Germany—far below them.
7. Old Testament characters, notably Joseph, Daniel, and David, always interest children.
8. Chinese Emperors each had his favorite method of liquidating his enemies. Without doubt, the Ming way was the oddest.
9. That army officer first received recognition in the Spanish War.
10. Old styles return. Once again the well-dressed girl on occasions wears Eton jackets, draped skirts, or something else borrowed from the Nineties.
11. The huge bridge could not support its former tonnage and so collapsed.
12. Do not give presents of knives, guns, or pistols to your small sons.
13. You may have seen others, but never us, sell such shoddy goods.
14. Not so many years ago ether was an unknown anesthetic.
15. We had better be going or everyone will be late.
16. Recently an amusing article, "Men's Clothing Most Colorful," appeared in a women's magazine.
17. His kind guiding hand indicates to the children the way they should go.
18. "Dark Eyes" is the title of a song heard often on the radio.
19. Petty thieves, pickpockets, and burglars filled the county jail.
20. The manufacturers say that for best results this garment should be dry-cleaned.

Pooh-Bah Pundit

A SEA CHANGE. By Nigel Dennis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 372 pp. $3.50.

By JOHN WOODBURN

IN HIS time, and in Mr. Luce's *Time*, gaunt, saturnine, British-born Nigel Dennis has ticked off many a shoddy novel, soundly praised a good one. Now, with this suave, salubrious satire he further dilutes the adage that the book reviewer, almost by definition, is a novelist *manqué*. In "A Sea Change" Dennis pounces with feral grace upon a contemporary figure which has long been ripe for satire: the career liberal. By the time he has finished with him, Maxwell Prentice Divver has been put in a box, tied with a ribbon, and thrown into the deep, blue sea.

Des Moines-born Max Divver had been confused and irritated by the patronizing intellectualism and book-snobbery of his classmates at the New York university he had attended. As students they seemed more concerned with Marx than grades, more Jung than gay. Being the kind of young man he was, he quickly acquired a protective coloration, soon learned to chatter the jargon with the best of them. A few years out of college, he was well on his way to importance, was already self-important. He ran around and around in liberal circles, talked and wrote knowingly of The Forces loose in the world, and picked his first marriage to pieces with his borrowed ideas. He had once unsuccessfully attempted to interview Mussolini, a ludicrous incident which he permitted to earn him a reputation as an expert on Italy and Italian Fascism.

By 1939, when "A Sea Change" begins, Divver had become the archetype of the synthetic liberal, a Pooh-Bah pundit and an editor of *Forward*, a self-conscious Leftist weekly, and was off to warm his typewriter at the fire which The Forces had laid in the Polish Corridor. When Mrs. Morgan, the wealthy widow who published *Forward*, jockeyed him into taking along her eighteen-year-old epileptic son, Divver swallowed his dismay along with the buttery side of his bread. To Divver the trip presented itself as a double feature: a further step in his career and a timely breathing spell from his sagging second marriage. To Jimmy Morgan it meant escape from nurtured invalidism, from smothering love and cotton-batting care, an adventure into freedom and delight. Perhaps there would be no more attacks; maybe, somewhere off Ambrose Light,

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the silver cord would finally snap.

In the toy-like tourist village of Mell, which is located high on the sunny slope of Nigel Dennis's imagination, a change came over Divver, as deep as that made by any sea. Freed for a time from the necessity to pose and pontificate, he began to peek uneasily at his career. He discovered among other things that he really loved his wife, and that he had never learned anything of any importance. While Divver mulled and fussed and scratched uneasily at his life, young Morgan explored the winding streets of Mell in a daze of delicious wonder, accepting its synthetic antiquity with a naivete of which the Town Fathers had scarcely dared to dream. When he is seduced by the wife of an opportunistic American promoter and is nearly discovered by his return, Morgan forgets his fear in thoughts of Casanova, feels himself caught in the timeless continuity of history as, clothes in hand, he flies down the hallway to his room. When Divver meets the lady's husband his discoloration becomes complete. Even Jimmy could see Larry Streeter for what he was: down-to-earth Fascist, American style. To Divver, caught with his avant-garde down, Streeter becomes a kind of folk-symbol, the repository of half-forgotten, certainly neglected, sterling American virtues. "In many ways he takes me back to the old farmers and individualistic small businessmen in my father's office when I was a kid. Unenlightened for the most part, no idea of theoretical fundamentals; you might say that history had never given them a chance to straighten themselves out."

As the Nazi Army begins to converge on Poland Divver, in an agonizing, tardy flash of insight, attempts a clumsy gesture of integrity. His end was not without its fitness: the man who had tried to climb toward things he did not really want and did not understand, came to sprawling, graceless death upon a phony medieval stairway.

Dennis's civilized, sardonic prose pursues the hapless Divver relentlessly throughout the book, leaving no doubt of his courteous, almost kindly contempt for all the Divvers everywhere, and all their sorry ilk. He can also create charming diversions: the town of Mell is an extraordinary imaginative conceit, as bright and lingering as a Bemelmans drawing; there are passages of crabapple tartness, and characterizations as crisp and bright as the air in Mell. Dennis, having ground out many a review of many a lesser novel, may now, it would seem, settle back and comfortably read many a lauding review of one of his own.

Gambling, Intrigue, and High Finance

THE GAMESTER. By Rafael Sabatini. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 310 pp. $3.

By Sara Henderson Hay

RAFAEL SABATINI'S new novel has as its setting a tumultuous period of French history, the financial debacle following the death of Louis XIV; and for its hero the fascinating and fabulous John Law, who combined the daring of a gambler with a financial genius probably without parallel. John Law, Laird of Lauriston, was by birth a Scotsman, the son of a Scottish banker, and by inclination a soldier of fortune and an international gambler. When the book opens, in 1715, he had turned up at the French Court, bringing with him a more or less unsavory reputation. Though scrupulously honest, his phenomenal success at cards and dice made many enemies, and he had been invited with varying degrees of politeness to leave several countries. In his early twenties, in London, he had become involved in a love intrigue and had killed the husband of the lady concerned in a duel, whereupon he was condemned to death. But his sentence was commuted to life imprisonment and he was, through various means which Sabatini weaves into the romantic plot of his story, assisted to escape. He went to Holland, then the greatest commercial center of Europe, and became greatly interested in the practical workings of banking and financial business, and there conceived the first idea of the celebrated "system" through which he became famous. The system was, in brief, a proposal to establish a state bank and a paper currency; to center foreign trade and internal finance in one huge monopoly managed by the state for the people, and carrying on business through credit. Law was, in fact, the arch exponent of centralization of power in the hands of an omnipotent government, and, observes the Encyclopedia Britannica, "he did not see that trade and commerce are best left to private enterprise..."

—George Cardozo.

Nigel Dennis — "imaginative conceit . . . crabapple tartness."

After Louis XIV's death, Philip of Orleans seized the regency, and Law was able to persuade him that his system could save the tottering finances of France and even lift the overwhelming national debt. His influence over the Regent was enormous. Though his proposal for a Royal Bank was rejected by the Council, the Regent allowed him to establish the Banque Générale, a private institution issuing paper currency, and it was so immediate and spectacular a success that it was an easy matter for Law to expand into still greater fields.

Sabatini gives a wonderful picture of the French court, and he has portrayed with great skill and human understanding the people who take part in this dramatic story.

Law's rise to power was phenomenal. He took over the immense trade of the region about the Mississippi, and founded by royal decree the Compagnie de la Louisiane ou d'Occident; in 1718 his Banque Générale became the Banque Royale. He incorporated into his Mississippi Company the companies Des Indes Orientales and De Chine, thereby getting a practical monopoly on the foreign trade of France. He was made Comptroller-General of the Finances of France. Such was the apparent prosperity of France that he was a public idol. But those enemies whom he had not managed to ruin continued to work against him, and at its peak the weaknesses of his system began to appear. Speculators undermined it; inflation, until then an unknown quantity, brought about its ruin. Its collapse, and Law's disgrace, were as rapid as its incredible rise had been. France was plunged again into financial confusion; Law left the country, a gambler who had risked all and lost all.

"The Gamester" is a fascinating story, the more so because it is fact; and Sabatini has given it additional color and romance by his re-creation of the personalities and motives of his characters, and by the engrossing sub-plot which he weaves into his narrative. It is full of excitement and suspense and human drama, and it is brilliantly and lucidly written. Sabatini is a master of the historical romance, and "The Gamester" is one of his best.

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Yankee Town Goes to School

RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

A GOOD many of the illustrations in the national magazines lying on your reading table are likely to be the work of the more than one hundred artists who call Westport, Connecticut, home. You are probably familiar with the work of other Westporters, too—John Hersey, the writer, for example; Fritz Reiner, the conductor, and Eva LeGallienne, the actress. Nearly half of Westport's adult males commute to executive jobs in neighboring cities like New York and Bridgeport. So lovely are the town's twenty-four square miles of rolling, wooded countryside, so attractive are its beach areas, and so relatively low is its tax rate, they are willing to take a long daily ride to be able to enjoy them.

But it isn't because of its celebrated citizens or its natural and fiscal charms that Westport is being closely watched these days by educators and civic leaders in every part of the country. Rather, it is because of an almost unique plan the town has developed to improve relations between the public schools and the community. During the past three years teachers and townsmen—from $50,000-a-year executives to taxicab drivers—have joined hands in evolving a program that has raised the average teacher's salary 53 per cent, improved the working conditions of the school staff, facilitated the construction of a new building and the purchase of needed equipment. More important, the program has given the townspeople a clearer understanding of the purposes and needs of their schools. The experiment is continuing in high gear, and promises to make Westport a pleasanter place for children outside the classroom as well as in.

Most Westporters agree that the program would never have been started if it hadn't been for Gerhardt E. Rast, the town's dynamic, tactful, forty-five-year-old superintendent of schools. "Jerry" Rast had twenty years of experience behind him as a teacher, principal, and rural supervisor when he came to Westport in 1945. It was a good school system then, but the teachers—like those in virtually every other American community—were clamoring for higher salaries to meet the soaring cost of living. But Jerry Rast realized that higher teachers' salaries were only one of the things the schools needed. He was anxious that Westport people understand what those were so that they would provide them. As a member of the Metropolitan School Study Council, an organization of superintendents from the Greater New York area organized by Professor Paul R. Mort of Columbia's Teachers College, Rast had a chance to talk over his problems with fellow administrators. For years the Council had been seeking a formula to improve community-school relations. The project Rast cooked up for Westport on the basis of Council discussions has had rough counterparts in several other Connecticut, New York, and New Jersey towns. But the way he worked it out and the success it was to attain were uniquely his and Westport's.

Jerry Rast's first step, in the autumn of 1946, was to talk over his scheme with the Board of Education. He explained that he wanted to invite representative citizens and teachers to conduct an investigation of the Westport schools and make recommendations. It would be made clear at the outset, he assured his Board members, that the project could not go beyond recommendations; authority to take action of course legally remained with the Board. The idea was welcomed by the progressively-minded Board, headed by Harrison Lillibridge, now chairman of the Appeals Board of the Office of International Trade of the U. S. Department of Commerce. The Board even agreed to underwrite most of the expenses of the study.

Next, Rast asked each of the Westport schools' six Fathers Clubs to nominate a member to serve on a committee to guide the project. At the outset some of the six nominees were leery of the idea. They feared they would be expected to become merely a pressure group to work for the goals of the Board of Education and the school administration. Rast and Lillibridge assured them that they would be free to peer into any corner of the school system and to make any recommendations they wished. In Dr. C. William Janson, owner of a diagnostic laboratory and active Rotarian, and in Jonathan D. Springer, vice president and general manager of a book club, Rast and Lillibridge found an energetic chairman and a publicity-wise secretary for their "coordinating committee."

From that point on the committee carried the ball. In October it invited every civic organization in town to appoint a representative to help organize a "Westport School Study Council." There were about fifteen such organizations—the American Legion, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Parent-Teachers Association, the St. Anthony's Society, the Ministers' Society, the teachers' organization, Rotary, Kiwanis, and so on. Pains were taken that every racial and religious group, and every section of town would be represented. Thus the more than sixty-five citizens who formed the Council at a meeting in the junior-high-school auditorium were a true cross-section of Westport's 12,000 population.

The purpose of the Council, as Springer emphasized in newspaper publicity, was "to determine what Westport is buying with its school tax dollars; to find out what kind of a job its schools are doing in educating pupils for a useful life; and to gauge whether or not improvements can be made in equipment, administration, and teaching personnel." Three of the Council's four committees were to look into aspects of the school's most urgent problem, teachers' salaries; the fourth dealt with the need for additional construction and equipment and an expanded health and physical education program. At least one teacher or principal was appointed to each committee to mirror the schools' point of view and to furnish technical information on education. Every committee was broken up into sub-committees to investigate particular aspects of its problem.

It was a busy winter for Westporters. Every Tuesday evening, regardless of rain, snow, sleet, or the competing temptations of family life, the committeemen convened in the schoolrooms at eight o'clock and worked for several hours—sometimes as late as midnight. Frequently Council members had to carry away "homework" to be done during the week. The faithful attendance and devotion to the task at hand shown by the committeemen astonished everyone familiar with similar civic projects.

At the start progress was slow and often painful. During the first meetings a distressing amount of time was wasted on petty questions. "You didn't have to look at their faces or their hair to tell the ages of their children,"

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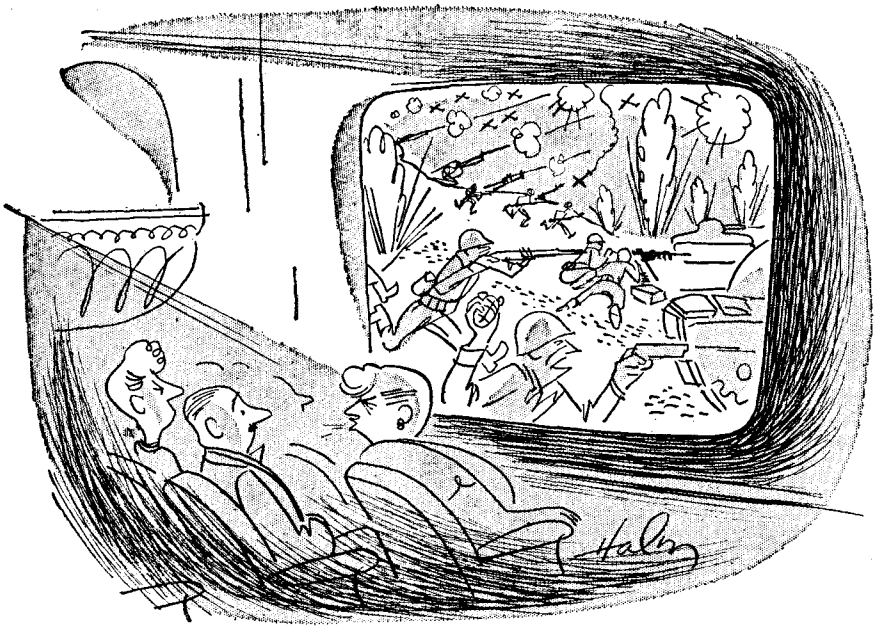

"Sh!"

one woman recalls of her fellow Council members. "They would talk about a problem peculiar to the third grade so incessantly that you could be certain that their Mary or Johnny was in the third grade." "If one of your fellow committeeman's only concern was left-handed desks," another Council member observed, "you could be sure that he had a left-handed child."

But after a few meetings all the parents—and the non-parents too—had got their particular grievances out of their systems. Gradually they became conscious of the triviality of their own complaints and of the existence of far broader and deeper questions. Leadership bobbed up in every committee. The Councilmen rolled up their sleeves and went to work on things that mattered.

CARE had been taken to assign every Council member to a committee for which he was well suited. Engineers and mathematically-inclined executives had a chance to exercise their talents on problems of school construction and finance. The personnel manager of a large corporation found the problem of selecting and grading teachers just his meat.

Jerry Rast was in the school building every week to furnish data or guidance to any committee that requested it, but characteristically he exerted his influence quietly and with tact. The coordinating committee required a report weekly from each committee chairman to make certain steady progress was being made.

The committeemen were indefatigable. They framed questionnaires and circulated them through Westport's classrooms and homes and sent them to other schools across the nation. Some of them traveled to other towns to investigate conditions there. They interviewed or corresponded with leading educators and they read books on educational practice. The statistical data they gathered were compiled by Westport pupils and teachers, some of it by the business firms with which the councilmen were associated.

By early spring the committees had reduced the mountains of information they had accumulated to specific recommendations. These were published in full in the local newspapers and debated spiritedly at two public meetings in early March. The report adopted by the entire membership of the Council was then submitted to the Board of Education and later published as an attractive booklet, "A Community Studies Its Schools."

Some Westporters had supposed that the Council would then quietly dissolve and be forgotten. But Jerry Rast and the members of the coordinating committee realized that plenty of problems remained unsolved and that plenty of others would appear as time went on. During the next year the coordinating committee continued to meet regularly, tying up odds and ends and taking fresh looks at the cost of living as it was affecting Westport teachers. During the winter of 1948-49 the Council became even more active, with two committees at work. One was concerned with the need for additional grade school facilities to care for the war-born bumper crop of babies. The other dealt with the rather cosmic problem of "citizenship." Stirred by sporadic minor outbreaks of juvenile delinquency, this committee made one of its activities a study of how Westport children spend their out-of-school hours. In keeping with the representative spirit of the Council, the committee has as members two school-age children, a boy and a girl. The Council expects to be busy again this coming winter with these and any other problems 1949-50 may bring.

Westporters are almost unanimous in believing that their School Study Council has been a great success. If you should remind them that not all of their recommendations were acted upon by the Board of Education, that most of the gains of the past three years would have been won even if the Council never existed, they are likely to reply that that is quite beside the point. Some of them will tell you about a neighboring city whose teachers went on strike a few years ago. To break the impasse, a board of nationally known school experts was engaged to study the system and recommend changes. The excellent program the experts proposed is now in use. But there are complaints about its costliness and a lack of understanding about what it is trying to accomplish.

IN Westport, the story is different. The town now has a sizable corps of citizens familiar with school problems and ready to lead any future movement for bettering them. The townspeople not directly concerned with the Council are convinced that the schools are working for their good because they have heard their work openly debated. And, according to Jerry Rast, the Council's activities have been a great shot in the arm for his staff. Now the teachers and principals feel that "somebody cares" about them and what they are doing.

This enthusiasm is especially impressive because when Jerry Rast first broached his scheme many teachers and laymen were dubious. The teachers felt that Westport was already overrun with civic improvement organizations and argued that educational matters had best be left to professional educators. One businessman was outspokenly critical of the Westport system—and, indeed, schools in general—when he joined the Council. His experiences as a committeeman converted him completely. To-

(*Continued on page* 43)

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1. Hope. 2. Alcott. 3. Paton. 4. Spyri. 5. Gunther. 6. Seeger. 7. Vidal. 8. Hemingway. 9. Cerf. 10. Seton. 11. Merton. 12. Tolstoy. 13. Russell. 14. Goethe. 15. Gore. 16. Clemens. 17. Ghandi. 18. Keyes. 19. Sandburg. 20. Forbes.

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Americana. *Here are excellent examples of four now-standard approaches to the American story. Agnes Rogers, who has already collaborated on two pictorial records of our national foibles, has done a capital job on her own in "Women Are Here to Stay," an album devoted to the so-called gentler sex during the present century. Marion L. Starkey in "The Devil in Massachusetts" has taken an episode already hard-worked in fiction and history, the Salem witchcraft craze; by writing about it with vigor and thoroughness she has produced a volume of lasting value. Edward Nicholas in "The Hours and the Ages" is the latest literary man to undertake to interpret our past through a few outstanding individuals. Alfred Powers's "Redwood Country" and Murray Morgan's "The Columbia," of course, try to help us understand the Northwest.*

"Afflictions"—Salem Style

THE DEVIL IN MASSACHUSETTS. By Marion L. Starkey. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 310 *pp.* $3.50.

By Russell Rhodes

IF MORE folks up Massachusetts way had taken their cue from a skeptical Boston merchant, the Commonwealth might have been spared the fantastic nightmare of witchery that bloodied its name in 1692. When "afflicted" girls in Andover accused him as wizard, Robert Calef (for Miss Starkey suggests it may have been this ridiculer of the Reverend Cotton Mather's "Wonders of the Invisible World") slapped a £1,000 writ on them for defamation of character. Early hard-headed Yankees set store by their morals. And when two hysterical seeresses, en route to identify "witches" in Gloucester, simulated a fit at sight of a harmless old crone crossing Ipswich Bridge, they were allowed to roll about and yell without audience. Being ignored was a novelty—as effective as Calef's lawsuit.

Miss Starkey suggests a good birching as deterrent to witch hunters. But the Puritans, who wasted no words on the common scold, never saw the possibilities in the ducking stool for high-strung females who communed with spectral agents of Beelzebub.

Were it not for the black spot of old Salem Village, whose trials of witchcraft are explored in this book as if a newspaper reporter were expanding his notes, sorcery would remain merely the most colorful thread in the homespun tapestry of New England folklore, a romantic Mother Goose heritage. Every Pilgrim parson was on as familiar terms with the Prince of Darkness as with the Almighty. Daniel Webster wrestled with the Devil and, in our time, the late Professor George Pierce Baker (so Sidney Howard once told me) became the most exciting teacher of playwriting because, like every authentic New Englander, he had not forgotten Hallowe'en.

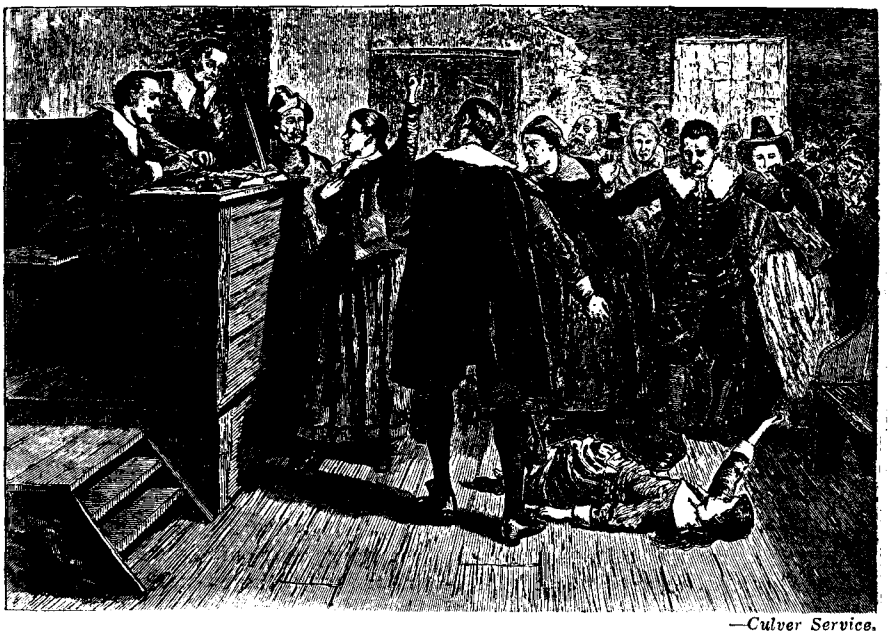
But in Salem, where twenty witches swung on Gallows Hill, sentenced by special court of Oyer and Terminer, mass hysteria grew from voodoo tricks that Tituba, half-Carib slave brought from Barbados by the Reverend Samuel Parris, taught the minister's little daughter and niece on dark winter afternoons. It may have begun with fortune-telling. Entranced with such relief from dour Calvinist routine ordered from the Sunday pulpit under charge of hellfire and brimstone, new vistas were revealed to Betty Parris and her cousin Abigail Williams.

The girls invited in a group of six-teen- and seventeen-year-olds, who avidly responded to Tituba's kitchen mysteries with all the excitement of adolescence. Miss Starkey is apparently unable to diagnose the "affliction" of these older girls satisfactorily. Parson Parris's doctor rejected it as epilepsy. The "possession" seems to have been an admixture of self-hypnosis, spiritualism, and a capacity for hallucinations. At any rate, when Tituba told the magistrates of witches' sabbaths, red cats that talked, Things with wings, and shapes airborne on besoms, the sorority of seventeenth-century "afflicted" bobby-soxers sat in the front row, moaning in a choreography of indulgent horror.

Dizzied by local limelight, it was pie for these newly-exalted Cassandras to mark down anyone who had "tormented" them. The Devil spoke to them not only through the town's ragtag eccentrics but also through upright Godfearing churchgoers. Cried out upon as fiendish perpetrators of uncanny crimes, good wives and husbands "broke charity" with each other, mothers and daughters were estranged, merely on the melodramatic say-so of these silly chits.

Confessors were held unpunished to spy out others, while those whose staunch faith and integrity kept them from belying themselves were ignominiously jailed to await the gibbet because they denied witchery. This was the Puritan Inquisition, minus the thumbscrews and rack of medieval Spain. Fortunately, it held to Salem, a puny model of that grander pattern originating in Europe. The Swedish terror was graphically suggested in the film "Day of Wrath."

Miss Starkey, herself a *Mayflower*



—*Culver Service.*

Witchcraft at Salem Village.

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descendant, sees "The Devil in Massachusetts" as "an allegory of our times" reflecting a similar attitude in current concepts of warring ideologies. We-ell, a moot point. She has evidently intended to eschew dramatizing her theme. By the mere shading of a phrase she could have lifted her accounts of the trials from detached courtroom observation to sensitive participation in the minds and actions of those who writhed within the focus of a pitiless probe. She has succeeded in the case of Rebecca Nurse, Puritan matriarch, past threescore, deaf and infirm, whose reprieve was canceled by a Royal Governor too busy with the Indian wars. Collapsing after her "trial," Dame Nurse's steadfast Christianity was rewarded when she was carried into the meetinghouse to be publicly excommunicated by two pastors prior to hanging for a "sin" she died unrepented of!

The Reverend Cotton Mather, early New England's Milton, who fought Lucifer with the strong right arm of Faith and the respect of one literary artist for another, strides these pages as if they were fiction. More's the pity, they are not.

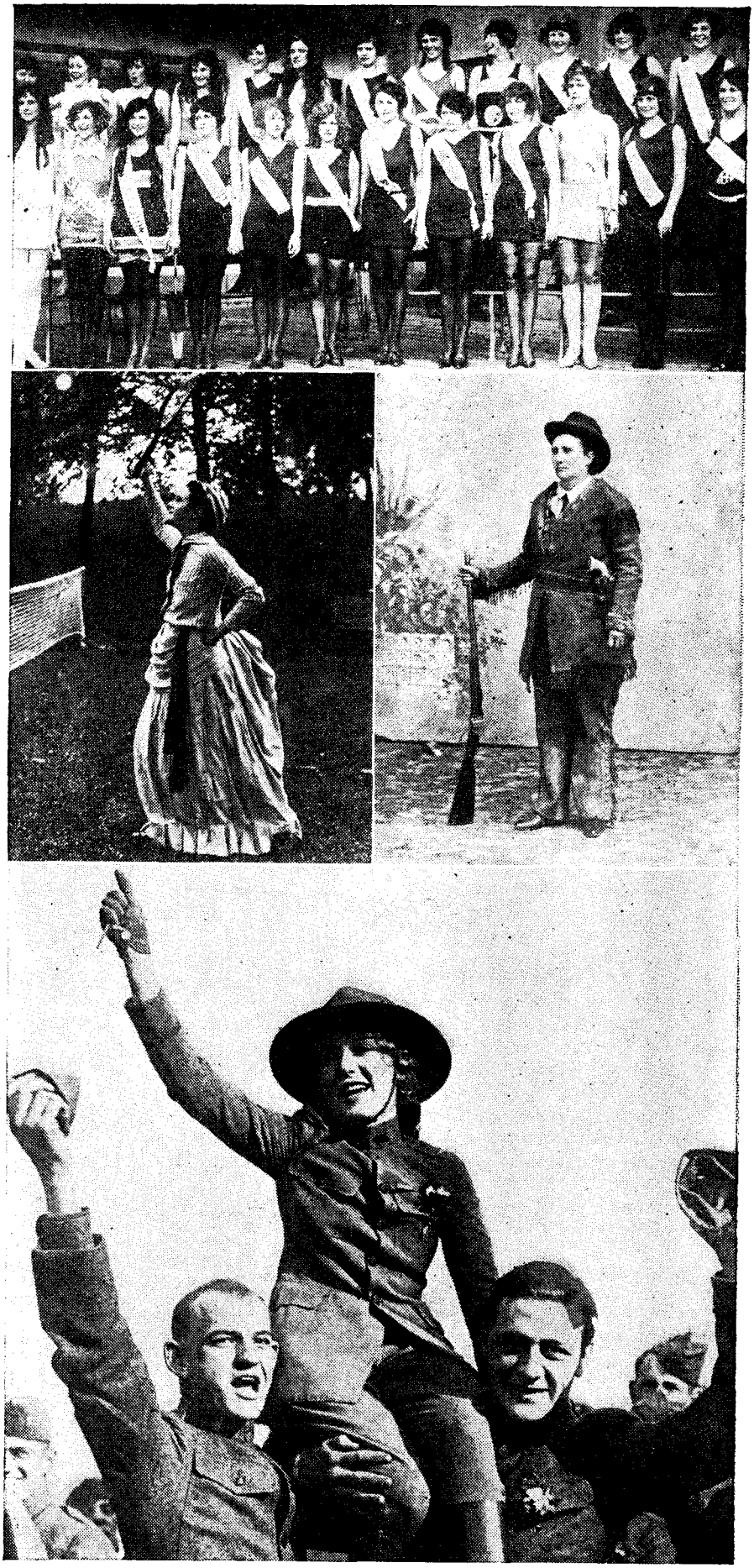
Distaff Didos

WOMEN ARE HERE TO STAY: The Durable Sex in Its Infinite Variety Through Half a Century of American Life. By Agnes Rogers. New York: Harper & Bros. 220 pp. $5.

By JOHN T. WINTERICH

MISS ROGERS, co-author and co-assembler with her husband, Frederick Lewis Allen, of "The American Procession" and "I Remember Distinctly," here proves her competence (and her case) by going it alone with a superb conspectus of "various concepts and patterns of behavior that have influenced American life in the past fifty years or so, with especial regard to their impact upon women."

That question, snatched out of the last sentence of a one-page preface, tends to adumbrate a sociological, case-history sort of compilation—an interpretation that would be grossly unfair to Miss Rogers. On the contrary, this is a picture book that is at once superlative entertainment and eloquent social history. It cuts across America from capital-S Society to sweatshop. Its concerns are work, sports, dress, education, science, the arts, politics, statesmanship, philanthrophy, reform, industry, war, crime, prohibition, the Depression, and about every other phenomenon that has been visible in American life since



—*From "Women Are Here to Stay."*

Bathing beauties at Atlantic City, 1923; 1891 Vassar tennis champion; Calamity Jane; Mary Pickford welcoming the boys home—and vice versa.

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the Rough Riders sailed from Tampa.

The illustration book (as distinguished from the illustrated book) is no novelty, but it has taken strong hold in recent years, and there have been numerous admirable, mediocre, and wretched exemplars. This one belongs among the admirable. The idea is elementary; you get a lot of pictures (here 502), supplement them with words (here 38,000), and you have a book. It helps if you have a theme to fit to the pictures and the words. Miss Rogers has:

> In nearly all books about women [she says] the authors assume that women think and act first of all as women, not as individuals, and this assumption leads into the habit of thinking that they're all pretty much alike. It is my intention to demonstrate that there are a great many different kinds of women (just as there are a great many different kinds of men) and that it is almost impossible to generalize about them—tempting though this may be, and very good fun as a pastime. I even believe that in most cases the Colonel's lady has more in common with the Colonel than with Judy O'Grady.

One of the pleasures of book reviewing is to play picador, and it is therefore wholly agreeable to find Miss Rogers, in a five-page presentation of women murderers (she eschews "murderesses") misquoting a deathless quatrain thus:

> Lizzie Borden took an axe,
> Gave her father forty whacks.
> When she saw what she had done,
> She gave her mother forty-one.

For "father" in line two, read "mother," and for "mother" in line four, read "father." The sequence is of the first importance, and the hour's interval between the killings is what makes the Borden case matchless and Sophoclean.

But Miss Rogers passes the supreme test. She calls Carry Nation Carry Nation.

Pre-Civil-War Chromos

THE HOURS AND THE AGES. By Edward Nicholas. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 304 *pp.* $3.50.

By Richard Hofstadter

THIS is an historical entertainment, an essay in personal portraiture in which Mr. Nicholas concentrates on characters who he feels have expressed the meaning of various eras and impulses in American history before the Civil War. The Southern planter is represented by Elizabeth Lucas of South Carolina (later the wife of Charles Pinckney), the dissenter by the itinerant English evangelist, George Whitefield, the Puritan (oddly enough) by Sam Adams, the statesman by Jefferson, the fighting man by Jackson, the democrat by Senator Thomas Hart Benton, the transcendentalist by Margaret Fuller, the imperialist of continental expansion by John C. Frémont, the early Republican by Frémont and Horace Greeley. Blessed with a notable talent for the light personal sketch, Mr. Nicholas has produced an exceptionally readable book of popular history. He is at his best writing about women; the portraits of Elizabeth Lucas, Rachel Jackson, Margaret Fuller, and Jessie Benton Frémont are his happiest. When he deals with larger political themes he is much less at ease; he treats such events as Jackson's war on the bank with a careless haste that suggests a fundamental lack of interest.

"The Hours and the Ages" is quite successful for what it attempts to be—a leisurely series of historical chromos. Content, for example, to capture the avid intellectuality of Margaret Fuller, Mr. Nicholas is not too much concerned with such larger questions as why New England became the home of American transcendentalism or how it happened to nourish such a woman.

Although it is a work of considerable charm, "The Hours and the Ages" was occasionally marred for me by a pseudo-philosophical note which suggests an attempt to redo Hegel in pastels. Here it may be fair to let the author speak in his own words, for what seems nonsensical to one reviewer may strike some readers as profound:

> Matter is atomic, made up of particles; and as the spirit embodies itself, it too is divided into separate beings and separate societies. Each human incarnation cuts off that much of spirit from the rest. Each materialization of a society in shapes of custom, institutions, art, and laws makes it individual and apart. But the separation, the particularity is an attribute of lifeless matter, the flesh that God must enter to become man. Spirit itself, the divine essence, is unitary; and it tends repeatedly to overcome the multiplicity of matter. All human history has witnessed the ceaseless alternation: the spirit, entering things tangible and things created, forever divides itself with specific cultural character, provincialism, nationality; and these divisions forever break down again under pressure of the flowing unity.

Our Sundown Side

REDWOOD COUNTRY. By Alfred Powers. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 292 *pp.* $3.50.

THE COLUMBIA. By Murray Morgan. Seattle: Superior Publishing Co. 295 *pp.* $3.50.

By Maurine Neuberger

BOOKS about the West have used a lot of Western pulpwood in recent years. Lewis and Clark have crossed the country on paper at least a dozen times. The Los Angeles war boom has rolled off a good many flatbed presses. Still the Western books keep coming, and this is an indication of the great national interest in a region which has soared more than 40 per cent in population since the present decade began.

Alfred Powers, a veteran Western author, and Murray Morgan, a comparatively new one, have written books about the sundown side of the continent which bring out fresh material on a topic that one might think had grown stale.

Dr. Powers's book, an entrant in the American Folkway Series, is one of the best yet to appear in that prolonged field. By "Redwood Country" he means the Southern strip of Oregon and the immense Northern bulk of California. It is a realm neglected when writers discuss San Francisco or Portland, for they forget the wild terrain between the two cities.

This is the domain of the huge 364-foot trees which are earth's greatest living things. *Sequoia gigantea* and *sequoia sempervirens,* the former supreme in diameter, the latter in height, are the prey of lumbermen and the pride of conservationists. Dr. Powers has probed in detail the bitter battle between men who want to fell the redwoods and those who want the next generation to see them still rooted to the soil.

Dr. Powers is on the side of the conservationists, although quite gingerly so. One could wish his zeal for saving the redwoods were more intense. He favors, but quite dispassionately, the Roosevelt National Forest, which would protect the last great sequoias from ax and saw. Despite all the ballyhoo about safeguarding the stupendous trees, only 4 per cent of the total redwood area has been added to the protecting realm of the public domain during the past forty years. This is a poor record, in the opinion of Congresswoman Helen Gahagan Douglas, principal sponsor of the Roosevelt National Forest.

Dr. Powers is best in his recitation

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of anecdotes and episodes in the history of this neglected region—neglected, that is, from both a literary and a conservation standpoint. A teacher of writing himself, he is a master at weaving legend with statistics so that neither becomes monotonous to the reader. The Folkways Series may be proud of this volume.

Murray Morgan, a young professor at College of Puget Sound, has picked a difficult subject: the Columbia River. Particularly since construction of Grand Coulee and Bonneville Dams commenced in the Thirties, this great stream has virtually been written to the point of exhaustion. Mr. Morgan, nevertheless, manages to make his facts fresh and alive. He has accomplished this by going into detail regarding the Columbia's Canadian origins.

With the arrogance of which we Americans are so often guilty, we imagine the Columbia to be as much our property as Grant's Tomb or the Virginia Natural Bridge. Actually, we share the magnificent river with British Columbia, where it rises and attains its surging momentum. More than half the Columbia is on Canadian soil.

Murray Morgan reviews the river's birth near the summit of the spectacular Kicking Horse Pass, and we follow it through the wide bellies of Arrow Lakes. It is no synthetic journey, for Morgan and his wife once nearly drowned in the river in this region. Few books about the Columbia are written so intimately or down-to-earth.

Americana Notes

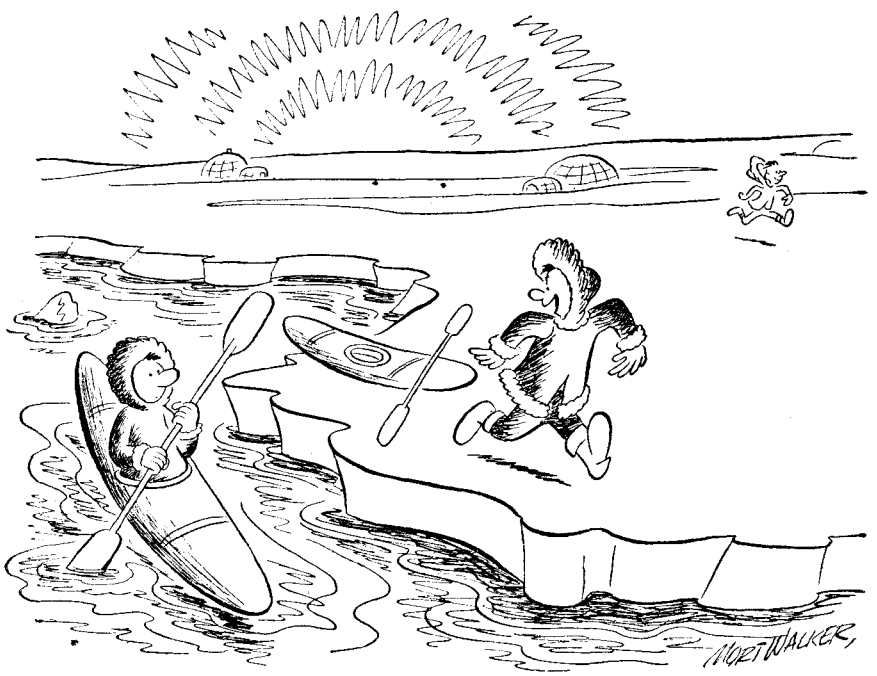
SALT: THE FIFTH ELEMENT. The Story of a Basic American Industry, by Garnett Laidlaw E 'ew. J. G. Ferguson, Chicago. $3. A basic industry? Those who look at the table salt-cellar may doubt it; but the United States consumes nine million tons of salt a year, of which table use accounts for but one-twenty-fifth. Mr. Eskew, who grew up in that Kanawha Valley where salt-making was a rich industry so long as Cincinnati was the nation's meat-packing center, has no difficulty in showing that salt is indispensable for a great variety of industrial, agricultural, and commercial purposes. At first it came from the sea and from scattered salt-licks. Then after the Revolution the Salina-Syracuse salt beds in upper New York, on lands owned by the state, became the mainstay of Eastern salt supply. Great salt works sent their smoke rolling across Lake Onondaga, and the Erie Canal was lively with salt barges. Down to the Civil War Syracuse served the Northern states and Great Lakes basin; Kanawha shipped nearly as large an output along the Ohio, its tributaries, and the Lower Mississippi; and a salt region in the Southwestern tip of Virginia supplied the South Atlantic states, Georgia, and Alabama. A new era in large-scale salt-making was opened in the 1880's by George H. Smith, who devised the hydraulic method of pumping salt to the surface as brine, and J. M. Duncan, who invented the vacuum evaporator.

This is a popular history, which will not satisfy the demands of economic specialists. But it is the first comprehensive account of an American industry of greater importance than most people realize, and for the general reader it offers a sufficiently thorough story, written in human and entertaining fashion. The chapters on Great Salt Lake and on the salt mines or domes of Louisiana and Texas are especially interesting.

—ALLAN NEVINS.

DIRT ROADS TO STONEPOSTS, by Romeyn Berry. Century House, Watkins Glen, N. Y. $2. Romeyn Berry, according to Morris Bishop, of the Cornell faculty, who introduces him, "was born in the later years of the happiest of centuries," got his A.B. and LL.B. at Cornell, practised law, served in the First World War, and then returned to Cornell as graduate manager of athletics. After sixteen years of that he retired to a farm called Stoneposts. He began to do some country colyuming, took up broadcasting, and even made a few speeches. He lopped off the broadcasts and speeches and had this book, which is in the Thoreau-Burroughs-Grayson tradition, with smidgins of Charles Dudley Warner. It is mainly about life at Stoneposts, crops, farm smells, seed catalogues, trout fishing, lilacs, hoeing, and what is wrong with today's mince meat. (Ans.: "Mince meat that is not basically composed of beef isn't mince meat and until that truth is generally realized no substantial improvement in the situation is to be expected.") This little book is earthy and homey and sound and makes you hungry as blazes.

THE MERRY OLD MOBILES, by Larry Freeman. Century House, Watkins Glen, N. Y. $5. In 1907 a de luxe Winton cost $4,750. In 1915 you could buy a Ford (new) for $365, and there was a joke about it: "One day—one dollar, one year—one Ford." The Maxwell became the Plymouth, the Rambler Runabout the Nash, but where are the Buggycar, the Cloughley, the Criterion, the Englehart, the Gadabout, the Grout, the Little Mac, the Ottomobile, the Silent Knight, the Success, the Whaley-Henriette, and the Zip? Mr. Freeman presents a "Roll Call of American Automobiles" from 1895 on at the end of his rather rambling and haphazard sketch of automotive history, in which he appears to regard such details as credit to "a New York paper" as sufficient documentation. He includes an excellent selection of photographs, advertisements, cartoons, and sheet music, a good many of them unaccompanied by date or specification of source. In his opinion, "the definitive history of this man-made creation lies in the future," and he is right. —J. T. W.



"If you want your picture in the *Geographic*, better step on it!"

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Fire Bell in the Night

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following guest editorial is drawn from an address by Dr. Henry M. Wriston, president of Brown University.*

EVERY once in a while an event occurs which, though it does not seem of transcendent importance, is a portent of something vastly significant. In 1820 when the admission of Missouri as a state raised the slavery issue, Thomas Jefferson wrote: "Like a fire bell in the night, [it] awakened and filled me with terror." Ten years afterward Jefferson's alarm looked ridiculous, but eventually it was amply vindicated. Great crises seldom mature rapidly; those who read aright the signs of the times may well take thought when they perceive "a cloud small as a man's hand."

The teachers' strikes of the past year should be regarded as such "a fire bell in the night." From a quantitative point of view they have not been important. Relative to the huge number of students in our schools and the size of the American educational program, the teaching days lost have been insignificant and the knowledge lost unnoticeable.

The teachers' economic situation urgently called for redress; public authorities were laggard in recognizing the issue, dilatory and half-hearted in attempts to meet it. A crisis in salaries was the occasion for the strikes, but it by no means supplies a complete explanation. For nothing is more firmly established historically than that the teacher is poorly paid. One has only to come from a family where teaching has been part of its tradition to be acutely aware of how poorly paid teachers have always been. If there is any labor of love which involves contributed services to a high degree, teaching shares the distinction with preaching. That single fact is all the evidence necessary to prove that strikes were not merely an economic phenomenon.

There is no possibility of accounting for the strikes without taking into consideration the drift of many intellectuals away from a profound conviction as to the rightness and the validity of the existing social, economic, and political situation. I mention teachers' strikes first because they are dramatic and easily observed and not subject to argument as to their reality.

So far as universities and colleges are concerned, there is criticism of the "Red" doctrines supposedly preached in the classroom. State legislatures launch investigations. Men lash at the symptoms but fail to make adequate diagnosis. Neither "Red" nor "un-American" is a precise term. Each is an omnibus catchword employed to indicate any disharmony between the teacher and his social-economic-political environment. The colleges have very few Communists or even Communist sympathizers on their faculties. But many teachers are intensely critical of our present social and economic structures—both of which seem to some of them to be stratifying dangerously. I am not going to minimize the evidence of the discontent on the part of many intellectuals with the present state of American society and economics.

PERHAPS the best place to begin is to point out that many or most of the arguments with regard to the American economic system have no direct application to teachers in schools, colleges, and universities. The profit motive, often described as the mainspring of business, is not and should never become the dominant element in their lives. For example, America has many Nobel Prize winners in the sciences; it would be a shallow and ignorant man who gauged their worth by their income. What is true of them applies also to thousands upon thousands who quietly do their work in schools, colleges, and universities. Without their labors neither our society nor our economic system can survive; yet they function to a large extent outside that system of economics.

That may be one reason why industrialists sometimes find it hard to understand professors. It accounts for the scornful comment so often heard: "If professors had enough ability and the competitive spirit they would not be teaching." Nothing could be further from the truth. Those who do not know the academic world at first hand seldom have any idea how competitive it is. Nor can they appreciate its hazards. Free enterprise is looked upon by businessmen as the epitome of risk-taking, but the research worker, concerned with advancing the frontiers of knowledge, takes, as President Conant has said, "a tremendous gamble. Only those who have spent many years in this type of scientific work can ever understand how great is the risk and what the emotional consequences of that risk are." Often a man invests several years of his life before he knows or can know whether his research is a success or a failure.

THE professor is a risk-taker, but unlike businessmen, he does not profit financially when he succeeds. He often has to pay for the publication of his most original papers; learned books bring no financial rewards. He receives no patent income from the fundamental discoveries which industry is free to exploit for profit.

Being, in this sense, outside the economic order the intellectual does not share its gains directly. Nevertheless, he suffers from its weaknesses. In the Great Depression teachers' salaries were cut; in many instances reductions were drastic. Very few colleges or universities escaped cuts; some were very serious indeed. Now that inflation is here teachers are not receiving increases comparable to those of workers in industry. Professors can say with a great deal of objective truth that they share the losses but do not share the gains.

Moreover, the nature of their work creates an obligation to be critical. They must re-examine all premises as they look for new truths and fresh insights. Angry objectors to intellectual radicalism assert that professors ought to have an over-riding loyalty. I agree heartily. But their deepest loyalty is like that of the poet—it is to an ideal. As Goethe felt that "above all nations is humanity," so, for the true intellectual, above all other loyalties is utter fidelity to truth.

The public recognizes this to some degree. For example, no one asks whether the scientist is "radical" or "conservative" when he deals with the atom. He must be willing to follow wherever thought and experiment may lead.

This obligation applies equally to those who study society, economics, and politics. We must expect—and not fear—new ideas in these fields. In the best sense of the word professors must be radical, ready to deviate from ancient belief when fresh insights, novel

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analyses, or additional data so dictate. Scholars have two reasons for objectivity therefore. They are not part of the main stream of economic life, and the nature of their profession requires them to hold in check emotional commitments which might divert thought.

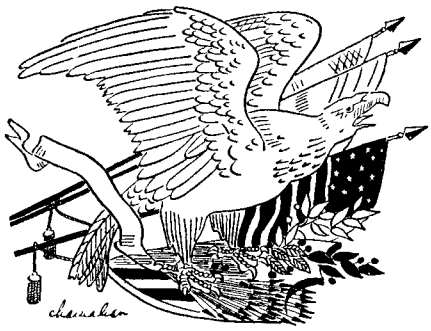
From both these angles of vision they can see that economics and politics are so closely intertwined as to be inseparable. Economic forces are never left without political guidance; every economy is to some extent a "managed" economy. There is no such thing and has never been such a thing as "laissez faire."

The intervention of the government in the economic system to control (or attempt to control) its swings in one direction or another is the rule, not the exception. Even in the United States it can be descried as far back as Alexander Hamilton's famous report of 1791. If we were to use modern terms in describing his critically important argument, it would be called an essay in favor of "planned economy." Alexander Hamilton asserted without reservation "that the interference and aid of . . . governments are indispensable."

Both Democrats and Republicans have long promised—and are still promising—to interfere with economic laws when they hurt; they have both promised—and still promise—to mitigate the harshness of nature's processes in the economic sphere. The academician, familiar with history, knows we are not dealing with absolutes, but with relatives.

I do not advocate a "planned economy"; quite the contrary, I have fought against it in every way possible. On grounds ethical, philosophical, and psychological; for reasons social, economic, and political; to the end that we may have a free society with a dynamic economy, I am for the enterprise system, with as little control as will assure order and establish justice. Before we denounce those who advocate planned programs, however, we must recognize that the economy has never operated freely, "automatically," without controls. That being so we are never offered a sharp, clear alternative: "Shall we have controls, or shall we have no controls?" It is always "how much control?"—a matter of relativity.

I have mentioned two broad reasons why intellectuals may easily become critical of our social-economic structure. First: they suffer from its failures; they do not profit commensurately from its success. Second: scientific objectivity requires them to observe the reality, that, when the chips are down, many who argue most ardently against a planned economy



support it to a greater or less degree; by their acts they deny their affirmations—or modify them more than they realize.

There is a third reason why intellectuals may be drawn into support of a managed economy. Probably the most massive single economic fact in America today is the public debt. Not long ago able expositors proved to their own satisfaction that there could not be a debt of any such size and that if contracted it could not be managed. Today that once incredible debt is a fact; moreover the management of it is inescapably a public act. No one—and when I say "no one" I think I am speaking by the book—has any belief that the debt can be left wholly to the operation of economic forces.

IT IS clear that government action will have marked effects. That would suggest to observers whose profits from prosperity are slender and whose losses from adversity are severe that the government should protect the interests of the so-called "middle class" whose status has been deteriorating alarmingly. They should know that thus far they are the forgotten men in the management of the debt.

There is a fourth reason for the discontent of many intellectuals, which is not primarily economic but social. There was a time when the significance of their function was fully recognized. The famous Northwest Ordinance of 1787 stated that "religion, morality, and knowledge, being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools, and the means of education shall forever be encouraged."

Those phrases embodied a deep public conviction. For a century and a half to be a professor in an institution of learning was to hold a position of great distinction. One evidence of this was the eagerness of many others to be called "professor"—even phrenologists and magicians. Today, on the contrary, men eschew the title. While it is preserved in academic circles, professors do not like to carry the label outside.

The decline in the social status of the intellectual has occurred at the most irrational as well as the most inopportune time. More than ever before technology and production are utterly dependent upon the theorist. Few studies were ever more "abstract," few more "remote from daily life" than the pioneer work in modern physics. Studies on the disintegration of atoms during the Thirties were sensational in a limited circle—but unknown or a joke to the "real" world. No one thinks them funny now. If we are living in an atomic age, that age was born in the universities.

Similarly, if the government debt is the most conspicuous single datum in our economic life, it is also a fact that it is going to be managed by university-trained economists—good or bad, orthodox or heterodox.

So also, much more subtly, but just as really, the assumptions which underlie many of our every day thoughts and actions spring from the intellectual group. The Kinsey Report has been a best-seller; it would never have been published but for the work of Freud. Many an advertising man who knows little about behaviorist psychology is governed, nevertheless, in his techniques by what the behaviorists taught. The ideas of the man in the street are often the diluted, popularized thoughts of intellectuals.

Even when an idea is wrong, it may have great influence. It is one of the Marxian dogmas that capitalism means war. That theory runs counter to two dominant realities in American history: no other great power was ever so pacifist as the United States and until recently businessmen were predominantly isolationist—in large sections of the nation they still are. Thus the Marxist ideology is refuted by easily perceptible facts. Yet that does not prevent vast areas of the world from accepting the error as gospel; indeed, action predicated upon that erroneous belief is bringing us to the brink of a world cataclysm today.

Right or wrong, the intellectuals will have tremendous influence. When decisive responsibilities lie in the hands of any group it is not wise to treat them with grave social disrespect. Yet that is precisely what produced teachers' strikes. Though teachers influence our children, society remained callous to the teachers' adverse economic position until startled by drastic and dramatic action. Public apathy arising from unconscious contempt provoked a forceful reaction. The use of power is inappropriate for the intellectual; he should count on reason and persuasion to attain his ends, and I am not condoning the teachers' strikes. But force, however inappropriate, is always the ultimate recourse when everything else fails.

(*Continued on page* 40)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Birthday Bouquets

SIR: Ordinarily, twenty-five years in the life of a magazine would find it with a slight case of hardening of the arteries but certainly that has not happened with your tremendous achievement in your Twenty-fifth Anniversary Issue [Aug. 6]. The magazine shows an amazing freshness and virility that promises much for the important years ahead.

L. A. AUDRAIN.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: I should like to congratulate you on a sincere, tough-minded Anniversary Issue. I think that, perhaps, the most significant article was the one by Lilienthal. If one can get at the thinking of men at the apex of a controversy caused by a rupture in thought, I believe, you can determine to a degree what is likely to be our political solution to the problem of individual freedom in a bureaucracy.

CHARLES L. MCHARNESS.

Seattle, Wash.

SIR: Your silver anniversary issue justifies the wisdom of those who established the magazine as one sorely needed in its field. As far as I have been able to observe, you have omitted only one element and that is the charter subscribers. My subscription dates from volume 1, number 1, and I have preserved all issues.

HERBERT M. BIERCE.

Winona, Minn.

SIR: I can hardly believe it is twenty-five years since I became one of the charter members of your splendid periodical. Through the years *The Saturday Review* has amused, educated, corrected, and enlarged my literary acumen. I have passed it on from time to time to our local rectors, attorneys, writers, and even the president of our university when it contained articles pertinent to their various callings.

GEORGE W. MARKS.

Burlington, Vt.

SIR: Not only was the editorial content excellent but, for the most part, your advertisers did a most commendable job on their special copy.

What I miss and feel is needed is an index every few months to the titles and authors reviewed recently. How about it?

ED ORR.

Tampa, Fla.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *And leave out reviews to make space for it? Uh-uh.*

SIR: It kept me up nearly all night when I should have been meeting my own deadline.

LILLIAN TURNER.

Cactus, Ariz.

SIR: All honor and glory is due for a periodical that meets the needs of intelligent citizens today. Of book-reviewing media there are many; of periodicals which interpret the news there are several fine ones; of popular "general" periodicals there are a few to be recommended; but of periodicals that combine book coverage, news interpretation, and popularity—there is only *one*: *The Saturday Review*.

H. VAIL DEALE.

Des Moines, Iowa.

SIR: . . . the "best" twenty cents' worth I've ever received.

Your excellent use of photographs add a wonderfully nostalgic note to an otherwise all-around good job. Thanks for Doug Anderson's humorous and informative literary map.

HOWARD BENNETT.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: I read and read and read—too jealous to miss one word. All the writers—even the advertising copywriters—outdid themselves.

M. ROBERT DORN.

New York, N. Y.

"You go north on the main highway out past the Burma Shave ads, turn left at a neon sign for Pilsener beer, carry on to a Camel cigarette bill-board, turn right, and we live in the third place on the left."

Dramamine

SIR: The May 7, 1949, issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature* carries on pages 41 and 42 an article by Horace Sutton on Dramamine, a product of G. D. Searle & Co. This company is appreciative of the publicity given this preparation by your periodical and this letter is not to be construed in any way as indicating that legal action is contemplated. The purpose of this letter is to notify you that Dramamine is an exclusive trademark of G. D. Searle & Co. and represents the Searle brand of dimenhydrinate, the latter being the descriptive or generic name of the product. An application for registration of this trade-mark in the United States Patent Office was filed on March 17, 1949, Serial No. 575,604.

The article referred to hereinabove makes numerous misusages of the trade-mark Dramamine. These misusages are damaging to G. D. Searle & Co. because the publication has received widespread attention and because it was abstracted in the *Reader's Digest*. Unquestionably this error was unintentional and due to your lack of knowledge of our ownership of the trade-mark Dramamine.

With a popular product such as our Dramamine brand of dimenhydrinate, every effort is made to prevent the trade-mark from becoming the generic name of the goods. In the use of the trade-mark Dramamine in publications it is therefore recommended that the mark be printed with a capital "D" or written in quotation marks, or both, in order that it be made clear that the mark is not a common word of the English language. We therefore request that any future references to Dramamine give notice to the fact that this is a trade-mark of G. D. Searle & Co. for its brand of dimenhydrinate and that the mark be set forth as recommended above. We further request that you publish the foregoing facts in *The Saturday Review of Literature*.

WARREN D. MCPHEE,
In charge of
Patents and Trade-Marks,
G. D. Searle & Co.

Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *For its research on motion sickness* SRL *went directly to*

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Dr. Leslie N. Gay, head of the Allergy Clinic at Johns Hopkins, who developed the new cure. In discussing the development of the cure for motion sickness Dr. Gay referred never to dimenhydrinate, but always to Dramamine. It is our understanding that Dr. Gay made his discovery while working under the auspices of G. D. Searle & Co., and that the fruits of his discovery are the sole, exclusive property of that company. Although SRL *acknowledges that it substituted the term "Dramamine" unquoted and uncapitalized to mean the new cure for motion sickness, we feel that anybody requesting "Dramamine" of his physician or a steward aboard ship could only be given the Searle product since Searle, to our understanding, is the exclusive manufacturer of the new cure for motion sickness known as "Dramamine."*

Error

SIR: I wish to call your attention to an error in The Literary I. Q. in *SRL* July 30. The poem "Ozymandias" was written by Shelley and not Keats.

MARY MASON.

Parkdale, Ore.

Investments in Europe

SIR: In her article "1953: Target or Milestone?" [*SRL* July 9] Vera Micheles Dean refers to the "International Code of Fair Treatment for Foreign Investments," recently published by the International Chamber of Commerce and its United States Council in New York. Judging by that Code, says Mrs. Dean, private American investors "would under present unsettled world conditions, expect Government guarantee of capital invested in Europe." May I submit that Mrs. Dean has misunderstood both the purpose of the Code and the state of mind of American investors as represented by the U. S. Council of the ICC.

The business community, neither here nor elsewhere, seeks any Governmental protection against legitimate business risks. All it asks for are assurances that its foreign investments will not be placed in jeopardy by nationalization programs, by a variety of discriminatory practices, or by the effect of exchange control. Should these apprehensions be dispelled, there will be no scope whatever for Government guarantees of private investments; if they are not dispelled, Government guarantees will prove, at best, a short-lived palliative.

MICHAEL A. HEILPERIN.

New York, N. Y.

More Lost Authors

SIR: Within two weeks after you kindly published our letter seeking addresses of nine "lost" contributors to our poetry anthology "The Golden Flute" [*SRL* July 16] four of them wrote to us and your alert readers located a fifth for us. Through other means we have found three more. But meantime two additional contributors have got "lost." The three now unaccounted for and their last known address are:

Leona Covey, Flamingo Hotel, Chicago, Ill.; Rowena Bastin Bennett, c/o Thomas Rockwell Co., 343 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.; Lizette Woodsworth Reese, c/o Thomas B. Mosher, 45 Exchange St., Portland Me.

As there are small amounts of accumulated royalties due, a reader knowing the address of any of the above will do a service by communicating with us.

RICHARD WALSH, JR.
Editor, The John Day Co.
62 W. 45th St.
New York 19, N. Y.

Collected Mizner

SIR: Your correspondent John Wilstach deplores the fact that the wit and wisdom of Wilson Mizner has not yet been gathered into a single volume [*SRL* July 30]. You may bid him set aside despair. Alva Johnston has been working on this very project for the past ten years, and the results of his labors should appear in book form sometime in 1950.

PYKE JOHNSON, JR.,
Publicity Director,
Farrar, Straus & Co.

New York, N. Y.

Viereck's Address

SIR: In your editorial note accompanying Peter Viereck's "My Kind of Poetry" [*SRL* Aug. 27], you attributed Professor Viereck to the wrong institution. He is associate professor of European history at Mount Holyoke College.

WALTER WRAY.

New York, N. Y.

Jung, Anti-Totalitarian

SIR: The most unfortunate aspect of the irresponsible accusations against Dr. C. G. Jung, which Mr. Hillyer threw out, *en passant*, in his article "Treason's Strange Fruit" [*SRL* June 4] is the way they kindle into flame so many of the already smouldering fears and sensitivities of the present time.

However, as secretary of the Analytical Psychology Club of New York, I would like to indicate two sources where the fair-minded reader may find collected information concerning Dr. Jung's attitude toward Nazism and toward the Jews. The first is an article in the *Psychiatric Quarterly* for April 1946, entitled "Carl Gustav Jung—Defender of Freud and the Jews," by Ernest Harms. The article bears the sub-title, "A Chapter of European Psychiatric History Under the Nazi Yoke," and it gives an account of Dr. Jung's effort to wrest the International Society for Psychotherapy from Nazi domination and to reorganize it in such a way that Hitler's decree barring Jews from German scientific societies could be circumvented. Here the quotations used by Mr. Hillyer to prove Jung's anti-Semitism are given in full context and can be seen to be a part of a psychological racial differentiation which is not "anti" anything, any more than a discussion of the difference between men and boys would necessarily be against either.

The second reference is to a little book by Jung himself, called "Essays on Contemporary Events," published in 1947 by Kegan Paul of London. This group of papers, written from 1936 on, and especially the Epilogue, which is devoted to a series of quotations from earlier writings dating as far back as 1918, enables one to follow the consistent evolution of Dr. Jung's point of view on world happenings. They show that the wave of mass psychology which reached its crest in totalitarianism had long been apparent to him and that he raised his voice in warning against it. The essay "After the Catastrophe" is as stern and yet as compassionate a word on crushed and guilty Germany as has yet appeared in print.

Anyone who takes the trouble to familiarize himself with Dr. Jung's life work can not fail to recognize its incompatibility with political totalitarianism. The goal of his psychology is "individuation," which means the bringing of the individual to his own completion and integration. Is this not precisely the line of development most forcibly disallowed by an all-powerful state?

Finally, I would like to say that, while few of his detractors claim personal acquaintance with Dr. Jung, there are in our organization a number of members, both gentile and Jewish, who have known him well for years. They state unanimously, from first-hand knowledge, that, far from being a Nazi sympathizer before and during the war, Dr. Jung actually suffered deeply throughout the period of Nazi power, and realized that, in case of the expected invasion of Switzerland, his own life would certainly be forfeit, because of his well-known anti-totalitarian stand. Yet he would not have regretted this personal outcome, as he wrote to one of our members at the height of Hitler's power, since life under Nazi rule would be intolerable.

CAREY JONES.

New York, N. Y.

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Education. *The reform of education has ever been one of the chief objectives of the searchers for Utopia, so it is scarcely surprising that Herbert Read, distinguished British poet, literary critic, and art historian, should have turned his restless mind in that direction. The past year has seen the American publication of two books from Read's pen which complement each other and together expound an arresting formula for the salvation of the human race. "Education for Peace" and "Education Through Art" are reviewed below. . . . In the realm of higher education, Alice Payne Hackett tells lovingly the story of a leading women's college in "Wellesley," while Ordway Tead casts a critical glance at teachers in "College Teaching and College Learning." . . . This week, too, Dr. Elizabeth B. Hurlock, a noted authority on the raising of children, appraises some of the new bumper crop of books in her field.*

Socialization of Spontaneity

EDUCATION FOR PEACE. By Herbert Read. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 166 *pp.* $2.75.

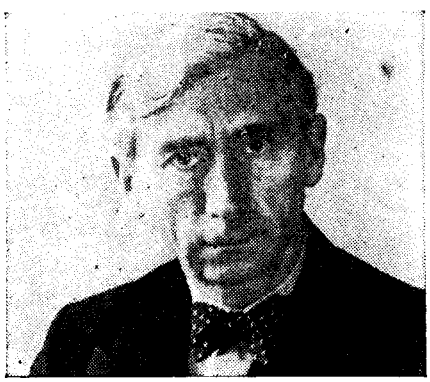
By Asher Brynes

THERE was once a small-time Nazi who packed Hitler's educational program into a nutshell. He said, "When I hear the word *culture* I pick up my revolver." With the unflinching courage for which anarchists are famous Mr. Read now looks straight into the muzzle of that gun—in the hand of Stalin. Like the Nazis of yesterday the Russian Communists want to swallow whole "land-complexes," continents, Europe, Asia, Africa; they have "geodetic" vision; they aim at strategic security ("a continuous coastline with its adjacent islands") and economic self-sufficiency ("autarky without the slightest inconvenience"); and they are so committed to such action that they have isolated themselves from all criticism of it, whether from us or from their own people.

One of the islands adjacent to Russia's strategic coastline is England. What her fate will be in tomorrow's atomic war may be deduced from what happened yesterday at Hiroshima in Japan, the other island on the eastern shore of Stalin's land-complex; England will be dispersed as dust into the waters of the Atlantic Ocean. War is an absolute evil, and in addition to that "the evil is the day on which the next war breaks out, and that day is a day of annihilation for an island fortress." England will be destroyed within twenty-four hours.

It will do no good to stop the next war: it must be prevented. But how shall that be done if there is no communication, and indeed if the common culture of humanity—the very medium of communication itself—has been destroyed? We may talk as long and loud as we please, *but we will not be heard.* Consequently we must act first, and in such a manner that our commitment to peace cannot be misunderstood. We must commit ourselves to peace as totally as they commit themselves to war. What Mr. Read proposes is a program of pacifistic totalitarianism, a complete inversion of Nazi and Communist political and educational procedures.

Obviously, the first thing to do is to prevent the war. We must deal with the problem of survival before going on to the reformation of culture. Today, says Mr. Read, the old generations, all persons more than twenty-five years old, are perhaps beyond redemption. "They are not accustomed to reason: they see red. They should be regarded, therefore, as dangerous old men, and the young men . . . should do their best to render them harmless by depriving them of office and of the instruments of power." Plato suggested that they should be rounded up and exiled on some island. Mr. Read does not object to this because it might be a drastic punishment in our atomic age. He remarks simply that while it might have been a solution for a city state "there is no island big enough to hold all the old men of the modern world."



—*Charles Leirens.*

Herbert Read—"peace unto death is more effective as a policy than war unto death."

For the old men are now in the majority and their numbers continually increase. What the young men must do, then, is refuse to fight on any grounds whatever. That will at once deprive the old men of their military machine and "bring the whole crazy structure, the *obsolete* structure of armed force, to ruins." The effect of this would be to induce the Communist youth to join our youth and then (I believe Mr. Read is confused here) "they will be in a majority and their just cause will prevail." In concluding the emergency section of his book Mr. Read again does not flinch. He recommends this course of inaction because he is "profoundly convinced that peace unto death is more effective as a policy than war unto death."

I have quoted Mr. Read extensively because his argument is so strange to most of us, in the sphere of international politics. In educational theory, on the other hand, it is quite familiar. What he uniquely emphasizes, in the vast literature of educational reform, is that a successful policy of pacifism is the prelude to everything else. It is "that negation of negations *after* which creative action becomes possible." And such action at its commencement is education, which Mr. Read defines as the process whereby the creative faculty, natural and spontaneous in all children, is made more conscious of itself and thus fully cooperative with other creative personalities. Classrooms will be maintained, but instead of sorting children by age groups or intelligence scores they will be sorted by a careful analysis of their art work. Afterwards they will follow their bent cooperatively, which is the same thing as saying peacefully; this is what Herbert Read means by education for peace.

Education for peace through art—that is Mr. Read's thesis. When one looks for its basis one finds that it rests on the assertion that artists, craftsmen, and peasants are the only natural pacifists, *i.e.*, the only persons without aggressive instincts. But many artists have been uncommonly pugnacious persons. What about Michelangelo, Leonardo, Bronzino, Cellini, Goya, Degas, Gaugin, Whistler, and so on and so on? However, teachers are more likely to question the application of Mr. Read's doctrine to the practical business of running a classroom; and

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indeed he does not apply it, he merely defends it at great length. He says over and over that classrooms should not be run, for children educated by being run must in time grow up with an impulse to run somebody else, or everybody else, and thus they are educated for war rather than peace.

We are told that Mr. Read's most important English predecessor, William Godwin, theorized correctly 150 years ago. It is true that Godwin did anticipate one of Freud's statements about the proper relationship between teacher and pupils, and that he foresaw what would happen under the Nazi and Communist educational systems. It is also true (though not a word of this appears in the book) that Godwin prophesied that all men would become immortal under collectivism. It might also be mentioned that the next utopian thinker of this type, Charles Fourier, said the oceans would turn to lemonade.

However, it is a fact that many lesser anarchists have established schools from time to time. Much more to the point would have been a brief account of what happened inside some of them. And now I will conclude by presenting the reader with a handy but precise formula for understanding what Mr. Read and the others are driving at. They want to bring about *the socialization of spontaneity.* Not quite the same thing as immortality and oceans of lemonade, is it?

Battle Against the Grammarians

EDUCATION THROUGH ART. By Herbert Read. New York: Pantheon Books. 320 *pp.* $5.50.

By Hughes Mearns

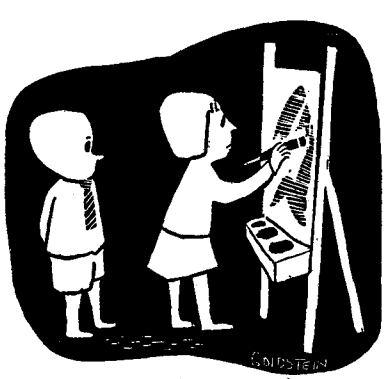
THIS is the second London edition, revised and augumented, of Herbert Read's elaborated argument for giving the creative arts top ranking in the schools of democratic states. The book is an outcome of an appointment to a Leon Fellowship in the University of London during the war years. As he writes the concluding paragraphs he speaks of Cologne bombarded the Sunday before and of two immense armies in the Ukraine and two in Lybia engaged in the work of mass killing. Civilized peoples! Against such a background he steadily reminds the reader of the importance of sensitivity in an age which practises brutalities and that if in the upbringing of our children we preserved and strengthened the vividness of their native feeling for fine things we might succeed in making a nearer approximation of reality to our ideals.

In spite of its disarming title, this book, it must be warned, is a relentless analysis of the most recent findings in the fields of psychology, education, and esthetics. As a refresher course for us elders who have lived through the amazing period, and for head master, school administrator, and research student in education, it offers an excellent survey of what man has learned to date of his mysterious make-up and his hitherto untouched potentialities. There is a competent bibliography, and there are illuminating appraisals and apt and fair quotations from original sources.

Admittedly, the author leans toward Kretschmer, Pavlov, Jaensch, and Jung, but he is never an antagonist of those with whom he cannot wholly agree. He finds values in Freud although he cannot go all the way, and he is generous in giving credit to pioneers like Caldwell Cook and Francis Galton, but he seems only casually aware of the work of Americans. The appraisal of school practices, for example, by J. Wayne Wrightstone and his group, working under grants of the General Education Board, would have backed up his argument with strong scientific proof.

It is a scholar's work, one must report, employing in parts the necessarily invented vocabulary of modern psychology, a practice that, while definitely correct and scientific, might defeat its wholehearted acceptance by the grade and secondary teachers of the creative arts in this country. However, the persuasive and gentle spirit of the author, so confident and high-hearted in his battle against the grammarians in power, may give courage to many educators who side with him in favor of a cultural rather than a factual emphasis in the education of the young.

The author's contribution throughout is a steady interpretation of the mass of modern data on man's mental and physical growth. He finds, for example, a great agreement among the researchers, namely, that artistry in thought, feeling, and productivity is the healthful line and therefore the right line. His strong complaint is that this native artistry has been restricted from birth by ignorance of the natural and healthful demands of the youthful spirit. On this theme he can rise from peaceful persuasion to thundering indignation.



"The price we pay for this distortion of the adolescent mind," he writes, "is mounting up: a civilization of hideous objects and mishapen human beings, of sick minds and unhappy households, of divided societies and a world seized with destructive madness. We feed these processes of dissolution with our knowledge and our science, with our inventions and our discoveries . . . but the creative activities which could heal the mind and make beautiful our environment, unite man with nature and nation with nation—these we dismiss as idle, irrelevant, and inane."

This is the reasoning of a research artist whose aim is not the further piling up of more learning but a release of childhood and youth, and so of mankind, from the pedagogical imprisonment of a thousand years.

Hughes Mearns, professor emeritus, of the Department of Creative Education at New York University, is author of "The Creative Adult."

Academic Sinners

COLLEGE TEACHING AND COLLEGE LEARNING. By Ordway Tead. New Haven: Yale University Press. 56 *pp.* $2.

By George N. Shuster

MR. TEAD has written this book with a reformer's glint in his eye. The American people are sending battalions of young people to college campuses, presumably in quest of knowledge. Whether they acquire it depends to a very considerable extent upon the teacher. But he is the master of his trade only, it would appear, in rare instances. Indeed we are informed on excellent authority, says Mr. Tead, that the college instructor suffers from assorted varieties of dry rot. Sometimes he is just plain lazy, using his tenure as a sort of pillow on which to rest an empty or an aching head. Again he may be a scholarly sort of chap who simply suffers students with his research.

But one gathers that the trouble really is that the faculty of your alma mater has not yet caught up with modern lore about the student. In days gone by, when relatively few coveted

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the higher learning, one offered it with a sort of regal disdain, content in the surmise that only a few would win out and earn their chevrons in the intellectual army. But now we have learned a great deal both about the learning process and about young people. The college has become a church in which the surviving portions of the soul are to be saved. Modern educational psychology, one infers, is a great deal like what Loyola whispered into the ears of missioners going forth to redeem the world. One seeks to corral the academic sinner and persuade him of the righteousness of culture. Unfortunately, the average teacher is still way back in the days of take it or leave it. The pressing business of college administrations as well as of graduate schools is consequently to bring him up to date.

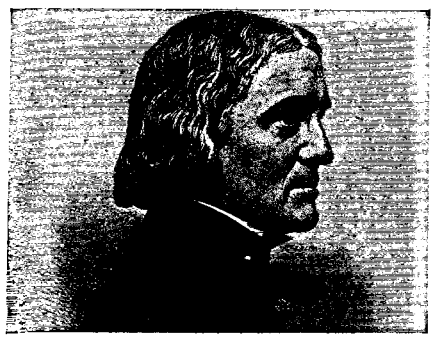
Mr. Tead summarizes very effectively several varieties of adrenalin which might be injected. A group of observers, Whitehead and Kilpatrick among them, have recommended what may be described, perhaps, as the psychology of dissatisfied cooperation. This teaches that one doesn't really care to learn what another teaches unless it can be proved important to oneself, and that, therefore, student and professor must spar around until they can really trade punches. Mr. Tead's analogies are somewhat more decorous, but this I believe is what he means. Again, the campus, if no longer convertible to the plain living and high thinking of Wordsworth, should at least be receptive to echoes of Emerson.

This little book, built around a Yale lecture, ought to be circulated among students even more assiduously than among teachers. I fancy that it could provide many a confused young person with a yardstick for measuring his instructors, and that if he then went about applying it some of the siesta-like atmosphere would desert the Faculty Club. But, frankly stated, my own opinion is that the kind of bustling, noble, adventurous, and steadily progressing intellectual life which Mr. Tead envisages would scare most of our students to death. What they desire is the greatest possible amount of veneer for the least possible effort. They and many of their teachers have accordingly struck what to them is a satisfactory bargain. To swallow an ounce of literature and a teaspoon of political science will strain few mnemonic muscles. But wrestling with a problem and staying up nights with it are forms of torture which many Americans associate with the Middle Ages.

My feeling is that there ought to be a winnowing of students and a sifting of teachers. It seems to me that Mr. Tead has offered a good many excellent recipes for so doing. His thinking is fresh and carries an edge. He knows that if human beings are really going to live in a world brimful of things with a feeling that the place isn't hopelessly cluttered up, they must design some sensible kind of landscape architecture for their minds. If I were to quarrel with him at all it would be over a relatively major point.

It seems to me that education is eagerness to extend horizons, and that, therefore, scholarly inquiry is its most effective symbol. Undoubtedly many scholars do not stop to think that what they do is less important for what it adds to the sum-total of human knowledge than for what it provides in terms of example for the young. Our task, therefore, is not to take the emphasis from inquiry but to add to the sense of responsibility. How we shall do that is the great American educational question. Personally I think the answer will be attained less through a reform of the graduate school than through what might be termed a revolt of students—which, I think, in the making. I shall give a lusty cheer for it when in comes.

Life of the College Beautiful



—From the book.

Henry Fowle Durant—"time, energy, and fortune" on an experiment.

WELLESLEY: Part of the American Story. By Alice Payne Hackett. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 304 pp. $5.

By Eloise Perry Hazard

VASSAR was an infant, Smith in embryo when Wellesley came into being. Anti-feminism in the Seventies made even secondary-school instruction for girls hard to come by. Yet Henry Fowle Durant, Wellesley's founder, believed so heartily that "women can do the work" he was willing to stake time, energy, and a large share of his fortune on an experiment in higher education for women. The author of this lively and loving tribute to her alma mater says that Wellesley has justified his belief. For, in spite of war, depression, change, and ordeal by fire, it has hewn to the line of his basic tenets of "truth in knowledge and service to others."

As Miss Hackett relates it, Wellesley's is a typical American success story, and she manages to inject considerable suspense and excitement into her narrative of pioneering, progress, crisis, and achievement of eminence as one of America's great liberal arts institutions. Woven into the texture of her report are bright strands contrasting the looks, costumes, customs, attitudes, and behavior of the typical Wellesley girl through seventy college generations. Criticism of student frivolity and lack of academic seriousness began around the turn of the century, recurred during prosperity, and died down in depression and war. But standards have been raised repeatedly and today's girl must pass stiffer entrance and exit requirements. Of the numerous obligatory subjects on the original curriculum of 1875 only two courses are still compulsory, English and Biblical history, the latter, as explained by the retiring President Mildred McAfee Horton, not "in uncritical conformity to a nineteenth-century founder's theory of education for a Christian college for women" but because it maintaines "Judeo-Christian tradition as a dominant fact in the cultural heritage of American students." Countless other modifications and changes are noted. The original college consisted of one building in a setting of fields, woods, and water, on the edge of a country village; today the meadows are filled with edifices, the woods have receded, and downtown Wellesley has become a clamorous small city. The student body has grown from 314 to approximately 1,500; tuition from $250 to $1,600. Chapel attendance is no longer required, smoking is permitted, and the rules on chaperonage have been increasingly relaxed through the years. Changeless in this changing world is the traditional Wellesley of Tree Day, Float Night, Step Singing, Hoop Rolling, and the musical cheer "Tra-la-la-la-la, Wellesley."

An occasional man flits through these chapters, but Wellesley's story is overwhelmingly feminine. For several decades no man graced the faculty, and the founder's desire that the president should be a woman has been honored through the years. Four

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of these stand out from the pages: the youthful and magnetic Alice Freeman (1882-87), who dissipated the artificiality of the religious tone which Mr. Durant had given the college and whose radiant legend persists graphically in the noble memorial to her in the Wellesley chapel; Caroline Hazard (1899-1910), the first president called upon to foster public relations with a view to necessary endowment, and therefore chosen for her urbanity and background as much as for her intellect; Ellen Fitz Pendleton (1911-36), longest-term administrator in the college history, thought by many to be Wellesley's greatest president, and the enormously capable and popular Mrs. Horton (1936-49), who also served as WAVES director during the war.

Names—of teachers, trustees, deans, students, parents, visiting lecturers, alumnae, employees, donors, and plain well-wishers—jampack the story, along with dates, facts, figures, and anecdotes. Notable additions to the faculty included Katharine Lee Bates, author of "America the Beautiful"; that stormy petrel Vida Dutton Scudder, who became noted for her course "Social Ideals in English Letters" and notorious for her Socialist leanings; Mary Whiting Calkins, philosopher extraordinary; Henry Raymond Mussey, economics instructor, champion of civil liberties, and campus leavener; half-blind and wholly lovable Eleanor Acheson McCulloch Gamble, internationally known for her researches on the sense of smell; Olive Dutcher Doggett, warm and witty professor of Bible, and Margaret Pollock Sherwood, whose poetry and fiction stirred ripples far beyond Lake Waban's shores. Strange to relate, the only Wellesley student to become a world figure is not American but Chinese—Mayling Soong, '17, the present Madame Chiang Kai-shek. But the college takes pride in such other alumnae as Margaret Clapp, '30, who won the 1948 Pulitizer Biography Prize for "Forgotten First Citizen: John Bigelow" (and who since this book was written has been appointed Wellesley's eighth president at the age of thirty-eight); Ruth Nichols, leading American aviatrix, and *SRL*'s Elizabeth S. Kingsley, '98, to name but three.

Miss Hackett's life of the "College Beautiful" makes fascinating reading, and in view of the nostalgic pleasure it afforded at least one old Wellesley girl, even to frequent lumps in the throat and tears in the eye, it may seem ungrateful to file these demurrers. The book is written in the monotone of an everything-is-for-the-best-in-this-best-of-all-possible-(college)-worlds style. It is hard to see or confess faults in a beloved mother, but

(*Continued on page 38*)

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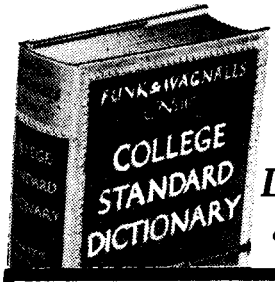

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Seeing Things

EYES THAT BLIND

"YOU can put me down as an expert on being a colored American, with thirty years of experience at it. And just like any other colored person with sense enough to look around him and understand what he sees, I know that life in these United States can be mighty tough for people who are a little different from the majority—in their skin, color, or the way they worship their God, or the way they spell their names."

Almost anyone could identify these words as Jackie Robinson's. Almost anyone, too, North or South, East or West, would have to admit their bitter, bruising truth. Mr. Robinson's statement before the House Un-American Activities Committee was a masterpiece of its kind. Even in his career as one of the most artful of the Dodgers, he has never made a cleaner hit. His were words in the fight against discrimination and for democracy which deserve to find their way into the anthologies. For his people and the country he performed a service equal to Paul Robeson's disservice to both. Mr. Robinson was not fooled. He knew he had had "a chance open to very few Negro Americans." Yet he spoke as an American and not as a Communist dupe.

The problem he discussed is the problem which provides "Lost Boundaries"* with its theme and point. The terrible, the appalling, the recognizable touch of truth is upon this Louis de Rochemont film. It is there in the effective episodes no less than in the weak ones. It makes itself felt as an anguish beyond a scenarist's contrivance, with the reality characterizing a documentary. No doubt its presence is explained because the story it tells is based upon the account W. L. White wrote two years ago for *The Reader's Digest* of a real Negro doctor and his family who were accepted as white in a small New England town.

To look white but not to be wholly white must, if anything, be more terrible for an American than to be manifestly black. The black American lives confronted by facts, outrageous and humiliating. The white American whose looks belie that he has any Negro blood lives not only with the full knowledge of these facts but, if he has "passed," with the constant fear of being found out. He goes through life weighted down by that heaviest and most intolerable of burdens—a secret. In addition to being exposed to all the agonies of prejudice, he is denied the pride and comfort of being one of his own kind. The world he inhabits is a half-world built on insecurity and filled with fears. Like any Ibsen character, he is condemned to living a lie, though the lie he lives represents society's sin, not his.

The doctor in "Lost Boundaries" has kept his secret from his son and daughter. He is a good man, rightly proud of his Negro ancestry. His original choice was not to pass himself off as white. But economic need and the obstacles lying in the path of a colored man seeking to get on a hospital staff have forced him to do so. Once settled in Keenham, once having proved his worth and having won the confidence of his fellow-townsmen, he has become one of the best liked and most valuable of citizens. His family is as popular as he is.

Yet behind all this outward ease, behind this knowledge of usefulness, and the pleasures of friendship, there is always the secret with which he must dwell. It is the most uncomfortable of companions. It is forever ready to inflict such wounds as those which come when the doctor's son has a young Negro friend as a house guest, and his sister's angry comment is, "Of all the boys in college my brother's got to bring home a coon!"

THE doctor's secret might have been kept, had not the most ironic of circumstances brought it to light. In the film as in life the doctor is penalized for his patriotism. When the war comes he volunteers and is about to get his commission as a lieutenant commander in the Navy. An investigator, doing his routine duty, digs into his past. The American who was respected and wanted when thought white is spurned and rejected after he is found to be a Negro. The Navy's language in refusing him his commission is a model of double-talk and insult. The letter from BuPers speaks of his "inability to meet physical requirements."

Once his secret is out, the good, unprejudiced people of Keenham, who were the doctor's friends, turn on him. His children, in their different ways, are compelled to adjust themselves to the new life which has so painfully become theirs. But at the

". . . [a] new life which has so painfully become theirs."

LOST BOUNDARIES. Screen play by Virginia Shaler and Eugene Ling. Based on W. L. White's true story of the same name published in The Reader's Digest and issued in book form by Harcourt, Brace & Co. A Louis de Rochemont production released by Film Classics, Inc. Directed by Alfred L. Werker. Photography by William J. Miller. Screen adaptation by Charles A. Palmer. Musical score by Louis Applebaum. Additional songs by Albert Johnston, Jr. With a cast including Beatrice Pearson, Mel Ferrer, Richard Hylton, Susan Douglas, Canada Lee, Rev. Robert A. Dunn, Grace Coppin, Seth Arnold, Leigh Whipper, Morton Stevens, Royal Beal, Emory Richardson, etc. At the Astor Theatre.

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film's conclusion, due to the sermon of a tolerant minister, the doctor's neighbors have had a change of heart. They have come to see the error, the meanness, and the foolishness of their ways, and are ready to accept the doctor for the man he is.

Inevitably, any story dealing with a white man who discovers he is part Negro calls to mind "Kingsblood Royal." The differences, however, between "Lost Boundaries" and Sinclair Lewis's novel are illuminating. For all its good intentions, "Kingsblood Royal" never rang true. It was a phony; well meant, but at best a crude cartoon. There was something cheap about it, something shoddy. Although the product of a benevolent curiosity and a righteous indignation, it seemed planned and planted. Believing in its palpable fabrications was not easy.

It is because "Lost Boundaries" is so much less shrill in its tone that it gains in both persuasion and poignancy. It, too, is propaganda, but it is propaganda scenarioed by actuality. As a film, it lacks the impact of such another honest statement of the indignities to which American Negroes are subjected as "Home of the Brave." Yet its honesty is unmistakable and irresistible.

As an example of picture making, it is not as imaginative as it could be or as one wishes that it were. Many of its single scenes seem undeveloped. They loiter at the door of fulfilment without quite crossing the threshold. Even so, "Lost Boundaries" must be admired for its courage. It is another welcome proof of Hollywood's newfound willingness to treat adult subjects in an adult way. Its acting is as honest as its writing, and at its most sensitive in Mel Ferrer's reticent performance of the doctor. Although its happy ending may be too pat for credence, it is the kind of film which may open some eyes—and even some hearts.

I speak of opening eyes because it is our sight that is the source of what is at once resolute and unreasoning in the antagonisms between peoples of different colors. "Were the whole world blind, there would be no race prejudice." It is Hector Chevigny who assures us this is true. In "My Eyes Have a Cold Nose," a title describing his dependence upon a Seeing-Eye dog after his sudden blindness in his middle years, Mr. Chevigny proves his point by an unforgettable story.

One noon, he says, he was walking up 53rd Street in New York on his way to the restaurant at which he usually lunched. Wiz, his dog, was guiding him. A friendly voice called to him. He recognized it as belonging to Billy, his publisher's office boy. The two men walked and talked together for a while. Mr. Chevigny suggested that Billy join him for lunch. There was a pause. "Are you sure they'll serve me?" asked Billy. "Of course," answered Mr. Chevigny. "Why shouldn't they?"

The next few minutes, Mr. Chevigny confesses, were among the most profoundly embarrassing he has ever experienced. Billy had to tell him a fact about himself of which Mr. Chevigny was completely unaware. Billy was a Negro. Mr. Chevigny, being blind, had no way of knowing this. As both his book and "Lost Boundaries" make clear, it is those who are blessed with sight who can be cursed with blindness. —JOHN MASON BROWN.

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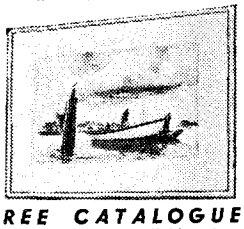
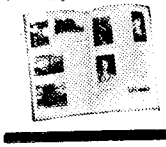
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The Right to Demand Scholars

"Loathsome Ideas" on the Washington Campus

MERRITT E. BENSON

HARVARD's Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., in his "The Right to Loathsome Ideas" [*SRL* May 14], presents the University of Washington's dismissal of party-line faculty members in a perspective which I believe misleading. No one questions his right to disapprove and to state his position in strong terms. Everyone interested in this important question, however, has a right to insist that it be treated fairly.

Early in his argument Professor Schlesinger makes the statement that the University of Washington discharged "two Communists and one fellow-traveler" from its faculty "solely on the grounds of political belief." At this point he cites the document "Communism and Academic Freedom," published by the university, to support his statement. It doesn't. Even a casual reading of the document reveals that four of the seven tenure committee members who voted for the dismissal of the fellow-traveler, specifically rejected political beliefs as a basis for their action and based their decision on the fellow-traveler's (Gundlach's) misuse of the university's prestige for partisan political purposes, his evasiveness, deviousness, and lack of forthrightness in his dealings with the committee and the administration. Three other members of the committee emphasized the same reasoning in their findings.

None of the committee members was a Johnny-come-lately to the scene. All had been on the campus for many years, knew the respondents personally, were familiar with many of their activities and their reputations as teachers. The committee after sitting as a jury for many weeks (two copies of the 4,000-page transcript of testimony were available in the East, had Professor Schlesinger been interested in doing a careful job) finally found Gundlach unfit. Political belief was not the sole or even the foremost reason upon which action was based, as the document Schlesinger had in his hands will show. That he failed to consult the transcript of testimony before he sat down to write, merely makes more remarkable his eagerness to pass judgment on events which occurred 3,000 miles away.

NOR were the two Communists (Phillips and Butterworth) discharged "solely on the grounds of political belief." Rather, they were discharged because they had abandoned the profession of scholarship. As their own witness they called the secretary of the Washington State Communist Party, who testified that they owed him the same loyalty demanded of other Party members and that if in their classes they should make the error of favoring the Marshall Plan they would be expelled. Other testimony from the Communists revealed that they secretly had helped organize a teachers' union on the campus, had assumed secret Party names, had secretly engaged in many Communist activities. Neither had made an objective study of Communism before joining. One presented the committee with the weird conclusion that he opposed selective service in the United States as a matter of principle, yet approved universal military service in the Soviet Union. Evidence of their scholarship was unimpressive. Again, the committee sitting as a jury found them unfit.

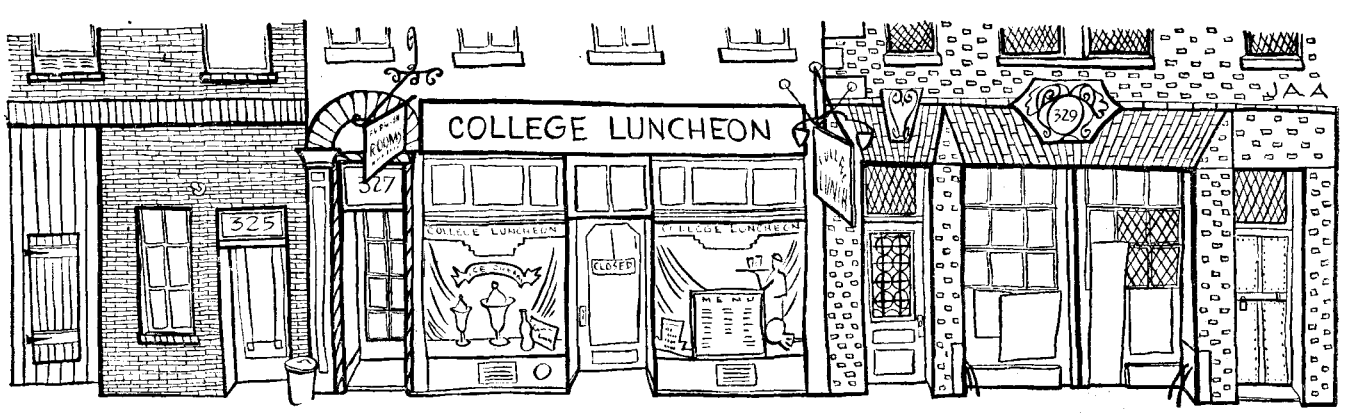
Political belief, as such, was not the basis of committee action. The overt act of Party membership requiring adherence to an amoral ethic, to Lenin's infamous injunction "to use any ruse, cunning, unlawful method, evasion, and concealment of the truth"; an adherence demanding *de facto* resignation from the company of free minds and abandonment of the profession of scholarship was the basis of the decision taken.

STRONGEST proof of this lies in the testimony of Professor Garland Ethel, a philosophical Marxist and former Communist, still a member of the University of Washington faculty. He was asked:

> *Question*: There is nothing essentially wrong with the Communist Party that you could not belong to it, is there?
> *Answer*: If you put it on a philosophical basis, there isn't, but as you too well know, this concrete world is different than the world of philosophy, and to be a political Communist is a whole lot different from being a philosophical Marxist. Now I am a philosophical Marxist, but I just do not want to have anything to do with contemporary politics and particularly with contemporary Marxist politics.
> *Question*: Now you have recently witnessed a resurgence of the Ku Klux Klan in this country?
> *Answer*: A slight one.
> *Question*: And should this resurgence occur and should you join and seek again a means of direct action, you might very well join the Communist Party secretly, and not tell anybody about it just as you did the last time?
> *Answer*: Well, just as a purely hypothetical position, I think that might be tenable. . . .

Professor Ethel's "right to loathsome ideas" has not been questioned. Professor Phillips was given the largest auditorium in the university, after his dismissal, so that he might express his "loathsome ideas" freely. No matter what Schlesinger believes he observes from his vantage 3,000 miles away, the fact is "the winds of doctrine" still blow across the Washington campus.

Professor Schlesinger next proceeds



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to expound a specious "clear and present danger" test, which he tries to attribute to the late Oliver Wendell Holmes. Mr. Justice Holmes did indeed suggest a "clear and present danger" test in a criminal case in which the issue was whether or not the defendant should be imprisoned. In the context in which it was applied by Justice Holmes the idea made excellent sense, and still does *in the same context.* Professor Schlesinger, however, wants to apply it to cases involving faculty tenure. To do so legitimately he first must demonstrate that the right to stay out of jail and the privilege of membership in a university faculty are identical.

"The proceedings in Seattle," he writes, "in other words, systematically ignored the traditional test by which we judge curtailment of civil freedom."

The proceedings did nothing of the sort. No one was in jeopardy. Nowhere were the civil rights of anyone in question. Fines and jail terms were nowhere in the offing.

SCHLESINGER is again misleading when he writes: "Indeed, the University of Washington glories in the fact that it eliminated all consideration of the context and effects of the beliefs held by the accused. . . ." The "context and effects of the beliefs held by the accused" occupied many days of the hearings. Scores of Communist documents were studied. The scope of the evidence admitted was limited only by the choice of the respondents themselves. Many pages in the document Schlesinger had at hand when he wrote refute his statement.

The "monstrous fallacy" to which he objects is entirely his own creation. Apparently he is impressed by the fantastic umbrella which the Communists have labeled "civil rights invasions," and under which they have assembled, without regard for context, all of the things they do not like. Only by embracing *this* monstrous fallacy can one be led into the absurdity of declaring that the *right to stay out of jail* and the *privilege of membership in a company of scholars* are identical.

Professor Schlesinger admits "we may concede that the conduct of the cases was scrupulous and fair," that the university "paid the traveling expenses [across the continent] of, and fees to, expert witnesses called by the respondents," and then exclaims: "Indeed, the very technical fairness of the proceedings makes the whole affair the more grotesque." Thus by using the light touch of Herr Goebbels he transforms *scrupulous* fairness (a thing to be admired) into *technical* fairness, a smear word, a shabby sham which he calls grotesque. Is there any context in which scrupulous fairness, using the generally accepted meaning of the term, can ever appear grotesque?

In Schlesinger's attack on President Allen he writes:

> At one point in order to clarify his [Allen's] position he even compares Communist Party membership to "a judge attempting to conceal a financial interest in a firm that was involved in litigation or receivership in his court." *Are we to assume that President Allen is going to investigate the stock holdings of the member of the Economics Department who gives the course on monopoly in order to make sure that he is serving no concealed interests?*

Keep the italics in mind while you read the rest of the same paragraph from which Schlesinger tore his quote about the judge. Here it is:

> . . . in his court. It is not against the law for any American citizen to own stock in a company. It would be occasion for removal from office, however, if it were discovered that a judge had prejudiced his decision by the ownership of stock in a company in such a case. An important function of the university is to teach citizenship. For this teaching to be in the hands of faculty men who secretly belong to an organization advocating the complete overthrow of the American system should no more be tolerated than the unethical and immoral behavior of the judge. (Honest, above-board criticism of the capitalistic system, which no one contends is perfect, is quite another matter and goes on every day both inside our universities and in the business world.)

Professor Schlesinger had read the answer before he phrased his question. Why then his rhetorical flourish? Was he trying to be fair?

Semantic analysis of the Schlesinger article yields only the impression that he has encountered something which he doesn't like. And so, with a curious lynch-law dialectic, he lays lustily about to destroy it. His followers want his help in finding the truth and he has served them badly.

Merritt E. Benson is a professor and acting director of the School of Journalism at the University of Washington. As a member of the university's Committee on Tenure and Academic Freedom, he participated in the hearings about which he writes.

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Writing. *Estimates of the number of Americans who would like to be writers vary from 250,000 to 500,000. Whatever the number actually is, it has encouraged the publication since the war of unprecedented numbers of books offering counsel and inspiration to aspirants. Of these a few deserve a place on every writer's shelf—Gorham Munson's "The Written Word," Paul R. Reynolds's "The Writing Trade," "Writers on Writing" (edited by Herschel Brickell), Kenneth Roberts's "I Wanted to Write," and Rudolph Flesch's and A. H. Lass's "The Way to Write." Two books published recently and reviewed below clearly merit a place beside them—"Writing for Love or Money," a collection of essays from the pages of* SRL *edited by Norman Cousins, and Rudolph Flesch's "The Art of Readable Writing." More are due shortly, including "Willa Cather on Writing" and Somerset Maugham's "A Writer's Notebook."*

The Moving Pen

WRITING FOR LOVE OR MONEY. Edited by Norman Cousins. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 278 pp. $3.50.

By Edmund Fuller

IT IS sound doctrine that writing cannot be "taught." Yet it can be learned. And to the endless practice and labor of *self*-teaching can be added the stimulating, clarifying insights into the problems of the art that are meant by any legitimate use of the phrase "teaching writing." There are many "how-to" books, of varying degrees of honesty, available to the beginning writer. These "method" and "technique" books, however, are not worth a tinker's dam by comparison with the values for the writer inherent in the journals and notes and personal statements of working method that have been set down by accomplished writers *after* the maturing of their work. The "after" is vital, for whether in terms of the formal critic, or of the self-analyzing artist, it must be remembered that the *practice* comes before the theory. Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides did not write their plays from Aristotle's "Poetics." He, following after them, *reduced* the "Poetics" from their plays. A confusion on this basic point turned Aristotle's brilliant study into a curse in the hands of the benighted Schoolmen and stilted "classicists." It is not too much to say that it accounts partly for the chasm that separates the living Shakespeare from the dead and ossified Racine.

The editors of *SRL* were mindful of these facts in soliciting from practising writers in fiction, non-fiction, and poetry, reflections and opinions on aspects of their craft problems. Norman Cousins, with the assistance of Raymond Walters, Jr., has culled thirty-five articles, spanning a period of nearly twenty years, for reprint in "Writing for Love or Money." He tells us at once, in his foreword:

> It neither offers keys to the literary kingdom, nor professes special knowledge of short cuts for converting aptitude into publishing contracts. What it does do is to deal with writing as a profession or as a serious avocation, mostly by way of discussing the problems that face the writer. . . . These questions are stated and explored rather than answered definitely, for the writer's problems begin anew with almost every new piece of work.

On this premise, "Writing for Love or Money" adds up to one of the most sound, stimulating, and realistic books available in the growing literature on the writing craft. Thirty-two able writers contribute the essays. I cannot attempt to mention, or even list, all the authors and the aspects of writing with which they deal.

Henry Seidel Canby, citing the Johnsonian dictum that a man who did not write for money was a fool, suggests, as a clarification not too far from the original thought, that "a writer is a fool who does not write for an audience." Most of the other contributors implicitly agree. Yet brother Saroyan and Ellen Glasgow reject the idea and insist that they write for themselves only and care not who may read.

On the other hand: if we write for others in the sense of communication, we must write for ourselves in terms of what we wish to communicate. Jesse Stuart, who seems to hold a record for getting bad advice, finally concluded: "Write something to suit yourself and many people will like it; write something to suit everybody and scarcely anyone will care for it." It reminds me of Kin Hubbard's remark: "Tilford Moots was over to the Henryville Poor Farm the other day to see a friend of his that used to run a newspaper that pleased ever'body."

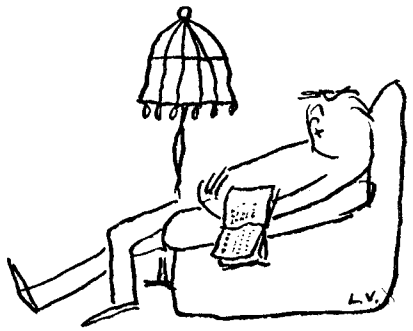
On a related theme, Edith Wharton cautions against the strictures of schools or styles. "It is less dangerous for an artist to sacrifice his artistic instincts to the pursuit of money or popularity than to immolate them to a theory." She speaks further on a point to which every fiction editor should be sensitive by now and which young novelists should not forget. Citing Goethe's counsel to plunge the hand into the thick of average human nature, Miss Wharton adds: "I believe the greatest error of the younger novelists, of whatever school, has been to imagine that abnormal or highly specialized characters offer a richer field than the normal and current varieties." (Page Truman Capote, Gore Vidal, *et al.*)

Somerset Maugham, one of the most profitable authors to read on the subject of craft, is frank about his use of the model in drawing character. Certainly Wolfe carried this to the ultimate. Ellen Glasgow, conversely, strained the elements of character through so fine a sieve as to be surprised when she stumbled on resemblances.

Rex Stout analyzes the detective story and offers a convincing theory in explanation of its lure: it flatters the notion of the "sapiens" in the "homo." William Rose Benét talks of the harassments of the poetry editor. Alice Dalgliesh offers sage counsel on writing for children.

Some good papers are included on criticism and reviewing. Cousins observes that "the function of criticism is to stimulate and not to dictate." On this subject, the finest item is by Maxwell Geismar, who discusses with uncommon and warming humility the problems of historical criticism.

It is unusual to find so much material as is here offered on other types of non-fiction. But it is disappointing in its value and suggests the need for more such essays. The most profitable are those of James T. Flexner on biog-



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raphy, and James Truslow Adams on his methods as historian.

For a collection of thirty-five pieces, this book contains a minimum of dead wood and surely belongs on the writer's shelf. No statement in it is more pertinent, for any literary medium, than Dr. Canby's observation: "You cannot possibly write as you would like to write unless you are as honest as possible with yourself. . . . That is precisely why so much writing dies an early death. The truth is not in it."

A Scientific Rhetoric

THE ART OF READABLE WRITING. By Rudolf Flesch. New York: Harper & Bros. 237 pp. $3.

By GORHAM MUNSON

DR. FLESCH has written a new kind of rhetoric which he calls —rightly, I think—a scientific rhetoric. He approaches the art of writing through the readability laboratory, frankly acknowledging his debt to the late Dr. Edward L. Thorndike, and he has evolved a formula of his own that can be used to pre-test writing for ease in reading and for interest. He is armed with facts and statistics, and he is blessed with all the talents of a good literary critic or an editor. He has curiosity, a lively mind, a sensitive ear, and a sense of humor. When he applies his scientific approach, he becomes a first-rate editor talking to a prospective contributor.

The gist of "The Art of Readable Writing" is in Chapter XIII, which is called "R for Readability." First, take a good look at "the reader over your shoulder." Among the books Dr. Flesch recommends is that painstaking brief for the reader which Robert Graves and Alan Hodge wrote some years ago: "The Reader Over Your Shoulder." Second, collect your material. Dr. Flesch quotes Schopenhauer with approval: "The first rule for a good style is to have something to say." Next, "when you have all the stuff you need, stop for a while and do something else." Dr. Flesch has a whole chapter on flashes from the "unconscious." Next, find the "shape" of your proposed piece of writing. Here Dr. Flesch supports himself by Gestalt psychology. Then start writing, using plenty of narrative and dialogue, even though you are writing non-fiction. Finally, keep your sentences short (sentences have been shrinking since Elizabethan days) and keep your words short.

It will be seen from this that Dr. Flesch is an advocate of the simple style. In fact, he's an extreme advocate. In the field of writing, he's an extreme democrat. In an age of poor, hasty, distracted readers, he wastes no time berating readers for "the decline of attention" but concentrates on showing how to catch the attention of the inattentive, how to hold the lazy, and how to print a strong impression on the passive. But it happens that the ways and means Dr. Flesch recommends for catching, holding, and impressing a poor reader are ways and means that will improve the writing of a great many writers. He gives no piece of advice that would debase the currency of the written word.

True, one has to be a little on guard against his extremism. In Chapter I he tosses Aristotle out the window as a rhetoric teacher for moderns. Quoting with praise a column by a newspaper writer, Hal Boyle, Dr. Flesch says that you cannot detect in it the old standbys of unity, coherence, and emphasis (I could). But only sixteen pages later, he is telling his student-readers that their writing must have a "firm framework" (I infer that he means it must have unity and coherence) and just four pages further on, he explains the importance of "focus" (emphasis?). Aristotle seems to have slipped back into the classroom.

Moreover, to use what Dr. Flesch calls a "heavy connective," "The Art of Readable Writing" pays no attention to the limitations of plain-talk style. In the heaven of literature there are many mansions, and an admiration for the beautiful strength and simplicity of Swift's style need not war against an admiration for the beautiful sinuosity and complexity of Proust's style. Not all of a reader's consciousness can be engaged by the plain style; there are stately emotions that require stately language; beyond the art of communication there is an art of evocation, the inimitable Scriptures of East and West.

"Write as you talk," says Dr. Flesch. No, not quite. Write as you would ideally talk. It was Thoreau, whom Dr. Flesch esteems as a master of plain style, who said: "We speak our mother tongue; we write our father tongue." Writing is the perfecting of speech, and sometimes it is the perfecting of plain talk, and sometimes it is the perfecting of that "educated speech" manifested in both the prose and poetry of T. S. Eliot.

Through the strategic advisory posts he has held, Dr. Flesch's influence on American journalism has been great and is growing. It is, on the whole, a beneficent influence, and the aristocratic school of writing can take care of itself.

Gorham Munson, a veteran editor, is author of "The Written Word."

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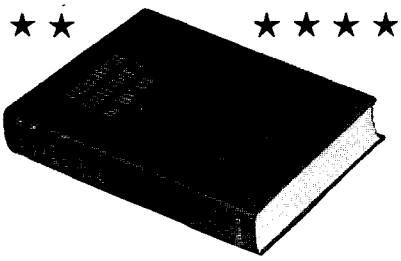

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(*Continued from page 31*)

the skirting of criticism and analysis results in a surface portrait. This reader also would question the emphasis put on Madame Chiang Kai-shek. The handwriting on the Wall of China indicated some time ago that the repository of democracy in the Orient was not in the Generalissimo and his lady, but in the latter's elder sister, the widow of Sun Yat-sen, and such spokesmen as Sumie Seo Mishima, '27, who in a postwar meeting of the Wellesley Club of Tokyo remarked: "Impoverished as we are, we have been given freedom of thought, action, and speech. It is time for us as American-educated Japanese to make full use of our American education and to quicken the democratic rebirth of the nation. . ." That would have pleased Henry Fowle Durant, who envisioned his girls as missionaries and teachers and gave them an abiding motto: "*Non Ministrari sed Ministrare.*"

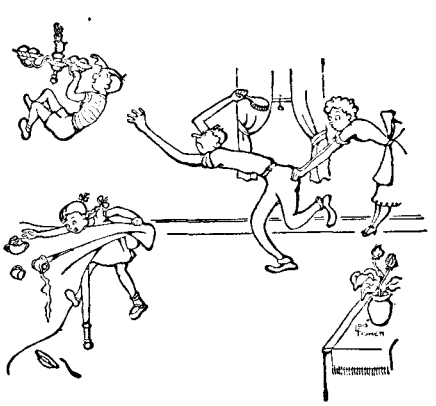
Looking at Our Youngest Generation

ELIZABETH B. HURLOCK

THESE ARE YOUR CHILDREN. How They Develop and How to Guide Them. By Gladys G. Jenkins, Helen Shacter, and William W. Bauer. Chicago: Scott, Foresman & Co. 192 pp. $3.50.

"THESE ARE YOUR CHILDREN" describes the typical behavior of normal, everyday children from five years of age to adolescence. To make the material presented to parents seem more realistic, case histories of children are used to illustrate typical behavior at each age level. Photographs of children in home, school, and neighborhood settings, doing things characteristic of their ages, add another lifelike touch to the scientific material.

There are many books available today which tell parents what to expect in the pre-school child and how to deal with any and every problem which may arise during this period. There is a rapidly growing number of books of a similar sort dealing with the adolescent years. But the between-period, from five to twelve or thirteen years, is the neglected period of childhood. In spite of its importance as a foundation age, little information has been given to help parents to guide their children's development wisely. That is the main function of this book.



Three of the most interesting features of this book are the chart in which detailed lists are given of physical development, characteristic reaction, and special needs from the pre-school years into adolescence; lists of concepts that can be developed at each age to build mental, social, and physical health; and, finally, the questions given to encourage discussion of the subject matter of each chapter which will make this book suitable to use for parent-education groups.

CHILDREN KNOW THEIR FRIENDS. By Ruth Wendell Washburn. New York: William Morrow & Co. 192 pp. $2.50.

The major theme of "Children Know Their Friends," by Ruth Washburn, as it was of her earlier book, "Children Have Their Reasons," is that to understand children you must see the world through their eyes. And, to do this best, you must listen to children's comments and questions which give an understanding of their thoughts.

With this fundamental principle, Miss Washburn has presented information regarding the child's growth in awareness by using comments and questions which she has collected over a period of years. Though presented as individual case histories, the stories are actually composite portraits of a great number of children.

The book is divided into eight major topics of child behavior, each of which is certain to be of interest to parents and teachers. These include such subjects as the relationship between brothers and sisters, getting on with teachers, neighbors and friendships, and play or work.

While the material of this book is

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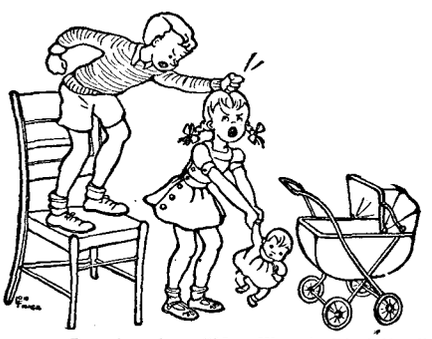
thoroughly sound and informative, it it presented in a light, easy-to-read style, which is greatly aided by the frequent use of anecdotes and case histories of what appear to be real children, not composites of many children as Miss Washburn has pointed out that they are. The frequent use of poetry to introduce a new idea or principle is a charming innovation in an educational book.

CHILDREN NEVER TELL. By Gwendolen Freeman. New York: The Macmillan Co. 274 pp. $2.50.

"Children Never Tell" is divided two separate and quite distinct parts. The first is a series of retrospective reports, told in a charming, facile, and familiar manner. In these reports, the author, an English woman, tells how she felt about things when she was a child as she remembers these experiences now. Some of the many topics she covers, material for which she delved into the storehouse of her memory, are: day and night fears, sins, cruelties, school religion, adorations, and ambitions.



—Drawings from "New Ways in Discipline."

The memories of the author's childhood experiences go as far back in her childhood as her sixth year and include her thoughts, feelings, and emotions at different times during the years in which she was growing up. Like most retrospective reports, Miss Freeman has unquestionably filled in the gaps of memory left by time to make her reports more complete.

Part Two of the book is made up of stories of the experiences of different boys and girls of various ages. These stories, Miss Freeman asserts, are only superficial because it is impossible to know the inner workings of the child's mind. They do, however, throw additional light on children's behavior and the motives that lie back of this behavior.

While "Children Never Tell" is a unique and interesting way to study the workings of the child's mind, thus giving a better insight into how the child views the world and the problems he has to face in it, it is not a book that can serve the purpose of guiding parents in meeting the different problems they face in bringing up their children. It does help those who are interested in understanding children better to recognize that a child's world is very different from that of an adult.

YOUR CHILD'S MIND AND BODY. A Practical Guide for Parents. By Flanders Dunbar, M. D. New York: Random House. 324 pp. $2.95.

Flanders Dunbar, who is already widely known for her book on psychosomatic medicine, "Mind and Body," has written a book for parents in which she touches on all the important problems a parent will meet sooner or later in the difficult and all-inclusive job of being a parent. However, because many common problems of childhood have been discussed widely by other writers, Dr. Dunbar has attempted to answer the "little" questions about children which most other authors leave unanswered.

In her many years as a physician and mother, Dr. Dunbar has found that the "crises" most characteristic of the first six years of life are closely associated with sleeping, eating, playing, obedience, and independence. It is to these major aspects of a child's life and the many and varied problems that arise in connection with them that Dr. Dunbar has devoted a major part of the book.

Unlike most books designed for parental use or, in fact, scientific textbooks meant for college students, Dr. Dunbar has emphasized in connection with each form of behavior the "adolescent aftermath" of this behavior and the problems which have arisen in connection with it. If parents can be made to realize that how they handle their children's problems during the early years of life will determine what and how serious will be the problems they will have to face when their children reach the adolescent years, this alone will more than justify the time devoted to the writing of this book on the part of Dr. Dunbar and the time given by parents to a careful study of the valuable advice contained in it.

NEW WAYS IN DISCIPLINE. You and Your Child Today. By Dorothy Walter Baruch. New York: Whittlesey House. 280 pp. $3.

Without question, discipline is the most difficult problem parents have to face in bringing up their children. In the days when the "spare-the-rod-and spoil-the-child" philosophy of discipline was in vogue, the problem was easily solved. The naughty child was soundly spanked and was warned that more would follow unless he mended

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his ways. Needless to say, children learned quickly and remembered long.

Present-day emphasis on more humane disciplinary methods has given rise to a dilemma which parents of past generations were not forced to face. How to discipline a child and at the same time avoid his resentment against the disciplinarian is the theme of Dr. Baruch's new book. Because modern methods of discipline are complicated, it is essential that the disciplinarian have a complete understanding of the child's nature. The major portion of the book is devoted to giving the reader this.

The pen-and-ink drawings scattered throughout the book, with their appropriate legends, are very effective.

YOUR CHILD MAKES SENSE. By Edith Buxbaum. New York: International Universities Press. 204 *pp.* $3.25.

"Your Child Makes Sense" presents children's problems from the psychoanalytical angle. The foreword of the book, written by Anna Freud, daughter of the late and very famous Sigmund Freud, tells the reader at the outset that Freudian thinking had played an important role in the interpretation of the material discussed by Dr. Buxbaum.

Part I of the book has been written by Dr. Florence L. Swanson and covers important topics related to the physical development and care of the child. In connection with this, emphasis is placed on the relationship between mother and child, and what role this plays in determining the child's personality.

The two remaining parts of the book are devoted to the development of mouth activities, muscle control, sex development, and the child's role in the family, school, and cultural group. While this may at first appear to be a rather limited scope of topics, Dr. Buxbaum has managed to include almost everything that might be of interest to parents in these chapters.

The case histories of children given as illustrations of different principles of child behavior make interesting reading. Because they have been taken from clinical practice, there is the danger that it will create concepts in the mind of the layman which will produce a distinct bias in the judgment of perfectly normal childish behavior.

Elizabeth B. Hurlock, author of "Modern Ways with Children," writes newspaper and magazine columns on child raising.

FIRE BELL

(Continued from page 25)

If one looks at the matter with wide open eyes—devoid of preconception and prejudice—it is clear that the striking teachers were treating society as society had treated them. Because society mistreated them, their respect for the political structure declined.

College and university professors have not yet gone so far. They still exhibit the individualism of the thinker. Until the scholar finds himself in a hopeless situation, he is loath to organize defensively. He prefers to associate with other scholars only for mutual enrichment from the free exchange of thought, for the satisfaction that comes from the interplay of lively and fertile minds. But there are clear indications that trouble can develop here as in eighteenth-century France, and nineteenth-century Russia.

Something must be done to join the professor's over-riding loyalty to the truth with his natural love of his country and its social-political-economic institutions. The suggestion that we should "crack down" on critics, fire the dissenters, or make them so uncomfortable that they remain silent is the worst possible program. Academic freedom is all the professors have left—and however widely their political and social views may vary, they will unite in defense of that last bulwark of their profession.

The academic is willing to accept a relatively low economic ceiling if he has compensatory satisfactions in terms of social response, if he has the position of responsibility, dignity, and honor which his importance to society fully justifies. *Among* the necessities is an increase in salary—and the need is substantial and urgent.

All evidence indicates that a larger proportion of young people are to be in school for longer periods of time than ever before in history; the temper, the attitudes, and the doctrines of teachers are of vast significance. If, as I have indicated, there has been a growing breach between those who teach and our social and economic system, then it had best be understood.

The cure is not to denounce or to harry the faculties; it is to reform the situation which makes the intellectual bear the burdens without sharing the rewards. It is to recognize his strategic, indeed his vital, place in our economy, our society, and our public life and to proceed rationally and with as much light and as little heat as possible to redress the balance.

—HENRY M. WRISTON.

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THE ELITE AMONG US

(Continued from page 10)

older world and a more settled and more aristocratic civilization. They are not speaking altogether sentimentally, however sentimental be the desire to ape the conditions of a society no longer in existence, or to pretend that we can revive the conditions out of which a patrician art flowered and a connoisseur taste grew. Something has gone from our lives in the way of the love of excellence; something has vanished from the social scene in the way of a class, the passionate few, in Arnold Brett's phrase, who persist in caring for the best in art, in thought, in feeling, in imagination.

Democratic America has always, I think, given evidence, not least by its addiction to college education, that it believed a tradition of excellence and a cultivation of distinction could, through education be kept alive. The "commencement" exercises we hold annually have become symbols of our faith and our commitment to the training of a group of men and women who, if their training took, could with propriety be regarded as an elite, a choice group, concerned with choice things and values, a group who might, not through delegated powers or authority given to them, but simply by virtue of their own persuasive taste and judgment, become distinguished leaders and shapers of our national life. College graduates, it need hardly be pointed out, have in no way after graduation or before it, seemed, except by financial accident, to be an elite. I once heard an eminent philosopher say he had given up teaching because he had begun to meet students to whom he had given A's ten years previously. But the ideal of college education remains none the less a part of the American faith that democracy can train its own potential best.

In what sense may it be assumed that the educated may be our acknowledged leaders, the true elite in our society? Not, I think, because they are trained to be technical experts, or are on the way to becoming such. The atomic age has dramatized the fact that technique without moral leadership can simply give us streamlined and super-efficient instruments for disaster. The genuine elite can be leaders by example, by giving evidence in their own lives of what life may mean in the way of significance, order, harmony, or truth, and making contagious these values for others.

There is no doubt that we long for leadership not simply practically, but morally. Their lives seem to many today imperiled, and where not imperiled, fruitless. It is an urgent question to many minds whether civilization is imperiled or whether it is worth saving. We look eagerly to find examples of lives that are worth living, or minds that are worth listening to, or moral guidance that is worth following. If genuine leadership is lacking, as the tragic events of the last generation have shown, men will follow false leaders. If the glory is absent, we will have to follow a false and rhetorical illusion of glory. But there is evidence, too, that the note of authenticity has its spell, and men will listen to those who, in the wonderful old phrase of the New Testament, speak with authority, the authority of disinterestedness, of devotion to the excellent in life, in art, in letters.

THERE are some uneasy critics of the contemporary scene who see no hope in the democratic process itself, who are certain that equality of opportunity means the reduction of all to the lowest level of the least competent or the least distinguished. They pine for a privileged class of aristocrats who shall impose their values and perhaps their political principles on those naturally inferior to them. T. S. Eliot, to whom I have earlier referred, explicitly asks for a revival of a class society, wherein a class of superior persons shall lay down the moral and cultural values and laws for all the rest. On the other hand, there are those who feel that in the interests of genuine democracy we must rule out the expert, the superrefined, the esthetically precious. We must all be rulers and yield authority to none. And in the field of art and literature and thought we must avoid what cannot be made available in the simplest terms to the rudest mind. Thus Tolstoy wished to rule out of art everything that the simplest untutored peasant could not understand. And the fear of the high-brow and the esoteric has become almost a mania in America, so that even college graduates seem embarrassed to mention Shakespeare or Wordsworth or Thomas Browne and often pretend to love boogie-woogie rather than confess to a love for Bach.

The democratic faith is a subtle and courageous adventure in hope. It is a belief to which all our widespread higher education is testimony, that we believe there is the possibility of distinction and the sense for distinction in all human beings, that education

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can in a democratic society make the ordinary citizen live beyond his ordinariness, and aspire toward excellence of life, to recognize it when he sees it, and to emulate it as far as he can. There is an analogy in secular lives, which are impossible to more worldly persons, but which are examples of the levels of generosity and sacrifice to which human beings can aspire, and in the light of which they can live. Higher education in a democracy aims to produce distinction and to make the love of it contagious. The educated may function as persuasive examples of the disciplined, discriminatory mind. Nor do I mean by distinction, eminence and mere public acclaim. I mean distinction in the sense of distinctiveness. The goal of life is individuality, individuality not as competition and assertiveness, but as the realization of one's own qualities and capacities in one's own special way. It is such a distinctiveness as artists exhibit in their work, and saints in their lives, thinkers in their thinking.

A democratic society is successful just in so far as it nourishes such distinctiveness; individuals rich in quality of life are the best fruits of education. A democratic society is successful in its approach to freedom if the conditions of political freedom nourish an atmosphere of spiritual freedom, in which every citizen is not only a part of commonwealth, but has a realized life of his own. It is one of our proudest hopes that a college education can help to produce a class, continuing even larger, to whom distinctiveness of life, a sense for the best will survive. For such a sense of excellence can gradually affect the whole of our conduct and our lives in America. It was a notion by which Plato set great store, that the very quality of the colors and light and lines among which people lived affected their characters and their society. In the same way a love of the best nurtured among a sizable part of our population will be a leaven for all of it. The true elite will not be those who are birth- or privileged-proud, but those whose lives are choice by reason of their habitual choice of the best that is in them, and who, by habitual choice, try to exercise the most characteristic life that is in them. For social equality and freedom are merely conditions for the exercise of the more vital freedom of life. The freedom of a bird is to sing and to fly; the freedom of individuals to become fully human, to live at their own peak of excellence and capacity, to be at once ordered and spontaneous.

I began with a brief, and I fear dispiriting, survey of the ways in which democracy makes for mediocrity, equality makes for dulness, and security for mechanical conformity. I have tried to suggest the ways in which distinction is the implicit goal of democratic education, distinction—if it is not too strained a paradox to say so—for all. If there is not, as some of the more romantic nineteenth-century prophets predicted, a God in each of us, there is yet in each of us—and this is the essence of the democratic faith—a possibility of scaling those heights of life, an achievement deserving of no less a name than divine.

The truly elite among us are those who recognize the gleams of divinity where they appear, and make those gleams the touchstones of action and feeling and thought, and dedicate their work or their lives to communicating the same glowing vision to others.

THERE is no reason to suppose that democracy and distinction are necessarily enemies. Widespread education is making us more widely sensitive to excellence, more eager to have excellence itself more pervasive. Art, music, and ideas have larger audiences and more discussions than existed only twenty-five years ago. There are, clearly enough, enemies of the best in the very machinery by which we insure equality and justice. The largeness of the scale of our national life makes a certain minimal regimentation inevitable. But we are learning to watch out for the enemies of life and fulfillment: bureaucracy, impersonal machinery, merely material distribution of material goods. We are becoming aware that in making men equal in opportunity, in the very machinery of doing so we may make the opportunities of rich individual life wither. It is the positive function of education in a democracy to promote those activities wherein human beings come to fruition as individuals. Individuals are most human when they are most humanistic. Man is most himself in art and in thought. Not everyone can be an original artist or thinker. But many can be educated to disinterested and undistracted criteria of judgment in these matters. We can keep alive in a democracy a sense of human values, and in so doing will be alert to keep human beings free to be their best, their most creative, their most individual selves. What is security for but to give human beings their chance to achieve their full stature of humanity?

Irwin Edman, professor of philosophy at Columbia University, is author of "Fountainhead of Freedom," "Philosopher's Quest," and other books. The substance of this essay was a commencement address at Goucher College in 1949.

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YANKEE TOWN

(*Continued from page 19*)

day he is one of its most devoted workers and the schools' most eloquent defenders.

Their weekly Council work taught the laymen a lot of things they had never known before about schools and schoolteaching. "I still have to smile," an attractive grade-school teacher said recently, "when I remember the delighted amazement many of the men betrayed when they first discovered that present-day teachers seldom are hatchet-faced battle-axes who wear their hair in a bun." Several businessmen gradually learned to think of teachers as professional people rather than as skilled workers in their factory. Some were surprised to discover that considerations other than salary often determine a teacher's decision to remain in the profession or in a particular school system.

And the teachers learned something about the layman and his outlook, too. "I discovered," one confessed the other day, "that taxation is a very complicated question, and it isn't always practicable to raise salaries, add services, or buy additional equipment as rapidly as we teachers some times wish." "Some of the men applied the same methods to the study of our schools that they use in their businesses," another teacher reported. "It was a revelation to me to watch them at work."

Could the Westport plan be operated successfully in other communities? Some Westporters are dubious. Several neighboring towns have tried schemes on the same pattern—although different in significant details—and the results have not been especially good. Westport, say these doubters, is an extraordinary town: it has an unusually large number of able citizens who are willing to sacrifice time and money to civic causes.

But an even greater number of Westport people believe that the plan has a good chance of success anywhere—and their conviction is shared by several national educational leaders. They grant that a nucleus of alert and unselfish citizens is imperative, but they argue that such a group can be found in almost any American town. They do concede that two things Westport has are indispensable for the success of such a plan. One is an enlightened Board of Education, neither jealous of its prerogatives nor fearful of what citizens prying into its affairs may find. The other is a wise, indefatigable, and diplomatic superintendent of schools, capable of learning as well as teaching. Like Jerry Rast.

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING *Recording Technique, Surface*	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
THE ELDER CONTEMPORARIES		
*HINDEMITH: NOBILISSIMA VISIONE (ST. FRANCIS). 1937. Philadelphia Orch. Ormandy. Columbia MM 847 (3) *LP*: ML 4177 (½)	Up to the best of the Phila. recording; sound of big orchestra, details a bit blurred. Loudest passages are somewhat buzzy in highest range on LP version, some spots overcut. Rest is excellent.	Like "Mathis der Maler," this was inspired by story of a medieval saint; the music is similar. A fine, dignified work, symphonic in scope, more concentrated than "Mathis" and as good.
*HINDEMITH: SYMPHONIC METAMORPHOSIS ON THEMES OF WEBER. 1943. Cleveland Orchestra, Szell. Columbia LP: ML 4177 (½) (*Reverse side of above*)	A superb recording, better than above; large orchestra, yet details clear and sharp, excellent highs, particularly in brass and percussion; loud parts on the LP are mostly clean.	Surprise! Hindemith goes American, despite Weber. A gay, gaudy, noisy score, with bells, cymbals, a jazz fugue, semi-square-dance tunes, peppy brass galore. If you thought you knew H. try 2nd movement here. Wow!
STRAVINSKY: SUITE ITALIENNE FOR CELLO AND PIANO (PULCINELLA); Raya Garbousova, cello; Erich Itor Kahn, piano. Concert Hall C5 (*limited ed.*)	Sharp, close-up recording of cello, most realistic; good piano, but balance puts it in background. Excellent highs, bass weakish (high turnover point).	Arr. 1932 from 1920 ballet score; a "metamorphosis" of Pergolesi themes, beginning almost pure P., with S. creeping in as music continues! A piquant and tasteful combination and good listening, in this vigorous performance.
*STRAVINSKY: CONCERTO FOR TWO PIANOS ALONE. 1935. Vronsky and Babin. Columbia MM 837 (3) *LP*: ML 4157 (½) *Comparison*: (SAME) Appleton and Field. Vox 634 (3)	Far better piano than most recent Columbia efforts——this is full and round, without unpleasant percussion or peaks. (The Vox recording is noisier, more uneven, but piano sound is as good.)	This difficult, large-scale work in its second recent recording. (*SRL* Feb. 2). A skilled virtuoso rendition but the Appleton and Field version for Vox I find more musical, more understanding.
VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: SYMPHONY #6 IN E MINOR. N. Y. Philharmonic, Stokowski. Columbia MM 838 (4)	Music on the largest canvas; this recording keeps general blur to a minimum, gives clean rendering of a heavy score. A fine job.	A big post-romantic work with stark, agonized overtones of World War II. (V. W. was over 70.) Extraordinary depth of feeling; whether its content ranks it at the top is hard to say—its strength is very great.
BEETHOVEN		
*BEETHOVEN: "TRIPLE" CONCERTO IN C, OP. 56. John Corigliano, vl.; Leonard Rose, cello; Walter Hendl, piano. N. Y. Philharmonic, Bruno Walter. Columbia MM 842 (4) *LP*: ML 2059	Effective solution of difficult balance job, the three solos close-to, but not loud, the orch. enveloping; maximum differentiation. The LP is bit buzzy in loud parts played wide range—OK on most machines. (True of many Columbia LP's.)	Here lies the great value of records—a first-rate work almost never heard in concert for purely outward reasons brought to us permanently in recorded form. Ranks with big piano concertos, middle symphonies. Walter makes this a definitive, beautifully coherent performance.
BEETHOVEN: SERENADE, OP. 25. John Wummer, fl.; Alex Schneider, fl., Milton Katims, vla. Columbia MM 839 (3)	Crystal-clear, modest, and smooth recording, good for this small ensemble. No false acoustical blowing-up.	Beethoven's early *gallant* period. Beautifully precise playing brings out craftsmanship in this relatively superficial writing. Lack of bass instrument makes it thin.
BEETHOVEN: SEPTET, OP. 20. Pro Musica Chamber Group. Vox-Polydor *LP*: PLP 6460.	A good resonant sound, acoustically. Recording quality is fair: buzzy on wide-range machines (use 5,000 cps cut-off); will be OK on others.	One of B.'s most popular works during his life—skilfully made, tuneful, a fine mixture of wind and string tone color. Solid performance, scarcely scintillating, but musical.

*Reviewed from slow speed version.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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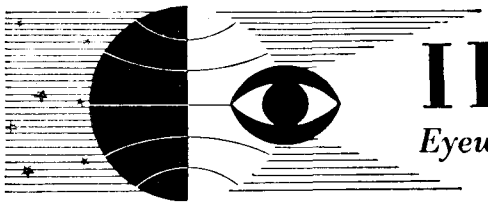

IDEAS ON FILM

Eyewitnessing the World of the 16 mm. Motion Picture

Films for Learning

MOST educators sincerely believe in audio-visual education, but many of them regard it as something for future, rather than present-day consideration. "We'll use more educational films when more good ones are available," they say. Yet catalogues are full of titles of new non-theatrical films, and the production schedules indicate that the next year will see an even greater increase in their number and variety. How well do these films serve an educational purpose? What do educators want of films? What characterizes a good educational film?

First of all, what characterizes good education? There are two basically different approaches—"education by formula" and "education by experience." And films which would effectively serve one would probably fail miserably to meet the requirements of the other. The educator who is interested in "education by formula" will want a film which authoritatively gives answers to the questions it raises, demonstrates prescribed techniques, and makes of learning an almost automatic process. In many ways "education by formula" resembles the older teacher - ruler - blackboard method, but it has a more widely accepted applicability in the advanced teaching of specialized skills in professional training and in the armed forces. And it is still used in many general classrooms where teachers—and parents—prefer the immediate classroom results of authoritarian instruction to the less apparent results of the guidance method.

Educators who teach by formula want films which fit into that pattern of teaching. Almost inevitably they are dissatisfied with every film they see. It doesn't tell enough, or it tells too much. It is too long, or it is too short. The music isn't good, or the music is so pretty it distracts. Film-makers who try to meet the demand for films-to-a-formula usually end up in hot water. "This isn't what I meant at all," says the educator; and the film-maker mutters to himself, "You don't know what you want."

Some answers to problems of this kind will be found in the final reports of the Instructional Film Research Program, currently being conducted at Pennsylvania State College under sponsorship of the Navy Department. There for over two years a series of systematic tests and experiments have been made in an attempt to ascertain the relative effectiveness of such factors as color vs. black and white, "dramatic" vs. "factual" presentation, use of authentic sounds, musical background, and some forty-odd other details. Although the final results of these studies haven't yet been published, we cannot anticipate that they will shed much light upon problems outside the "rapid mass-training programs" to which they were primarily directed. We cannot expect that "films by formula" will be any more effective than "education by formula."

Even within its own terms, there can be little more than theoretical significance in research material of this kind. For once it has been shown that maximum effectiveness in an educational film is obtained through certain technical and stylistic elements, this is true only in comparative situations.

"EDUCATION by experience" presents problems of an entirely different kind. Here the teacher serves primarily in motivating and guiding the students, with emphasis on their active and somewhat free participation in the learning situation. In "education by experience" there can be no formula for good films. Judging from past efforts, we can only expect that the man who can make a good film can also make a good educational film, for he knows the best ways to achieve maximum effectiveness in film and understands the particular values of the non-theatrical film.

For example, of the dozen or more films I have seen, in the recently produced series entitled "The Earth and Its People," about half were exceptionally fine while the others were definitely disappointing. And nothing can account for the great difference in quality among the films as much as the fact that they were made by different men. It is not merely coincidental that production credits on the outstandingly good films name the same men (Jules Bucher, Victor Jurgens, and John Ferno, for example) who have made fine films for other purposes.

There are only three basic things a good film can do in helping to educate by experience—interest, inform, and arouse. The film must interest first of all, for without holding the active attention of the group it cannot possibly stimulate learning. The film must also inform, to whatever degree the subject and situation demand; this information must be believable as well as authentic. And the film must arouse. A good film will stir the mind and heart of each person in the audience. A good teacher can further capitalize on this "arousing" quality of the film by directing the students to follow-up activities through study, discussion, or experiment.

JUST how the film can best meet these three requirements is really the business of the film-maker, for there is indeed no formula. Certainly he needs the cooperation of a competent educator to advise on subject-matter problems. He also needs the assistance of skilled cameramen and technicians, writers and artists, to blend the talents which will produce the total film. He needs a reasonable budget and adequate time in which to plan, as well as shoot the film. And, most of all, he needs to be the right person for the job—interested, capable, sincere, understanding, and alert. For time and again the good film-maker has shown that he approaches his material not in order to teach but in order to learn. What he sees and hears and learns goes straight-away onto the film to become for the audience a fresh, meaningful and important experience in education for living.

What, then, can educators expect of a film? No more than they can expect of any other guest in the classroom. The film has literally been exposed to certain experiences, and it reproduces those experiences for the audience. The way in which it does so expresses that film's "personality," and the way in which those experiences are assimilated and used makes for education. If we want a film to say what we want it to say, no more and no less, in the exact way we have in mind, we shall have to expect it to be no more exciting than a schoolboy reciting the lesson he has learned by heart. If we want a film to tell us what it knows, we shall have to permit it to do so in its own way. And whatever the case, we should remember that a good film is a good educational film, just as a good experience is a good educational experience—in or outside the classroom.

—CECILE STARR.

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The Director on Location

WILLARD VAN DYKE

THOSE of us who were associated with the pioneer documentary films in this country have been pleased and amazed at the growth of the medium since Pare Lorentz's films "The Plough That Broke the Plains" and "The River" were released in 1936 and 1937. One of the interesting aspects of this growth has been the entry of McGraw-Hill Book Co. with their Text-Film Department under the direction of Albert Rosenberg, into the business of producing films for classroom use.

Early this year Affiliated Film Producers, Inc., was asked by McGraw-Hill to make a series of five films covering certain aspects of courtship and marriage to be used in connection with the college textbook "Marriage for Moderns," by Henry A. Bowman. Irving Jacoby produced and supervised the writing of the films, and Alexander Hammid and I each directed two of them.

The first four scripts went into production in Columbia, Missouri, early in May. They dealt with basic personality types, competition in marriage, adjustment, and problems of courtship, and will be released in November by McGraw-Hill Text-Films. Columbia was chosen as the location because it offered a rich source of young people for acting and because Dr. Bowman conducts his famous course on marriage and the family at Stephens College. The University of Missouri, also located in Columbia, could provide young men for our male roles. Students and faculty members of both institutions, as well as a few townspeople, were used in the films.

There were certain experimental aspects of the project that interested Hammid and me. They also caused us a certain amount of concern. Documentary films began as silent films with a musical background and a neutral narrator. The "actors" were ordinary people performing their daily tasks in front of the camera. Naturally this called for no particular talent and the documentary film director chose his cast for physical appearance and ability to concentrate on the job at hand while forgetting the presence of the camera and crew. Our films, however, called for a large amount of dialogue and it was a question whether relatively untrained people could carry the roles convincingly. The old rule for a documentary director was to set up a situation with which his "actor" was familiar and then let him react naturally within that situation while the camera recorded his actions. He was rarely asked to speak. Now we were asking students and faculty members to create characters and speak lines in a way that would make those characters believable for an audience.

The natural question is why we didn't use professonal actors. We believe that non-professionals, with their untrained spontaneity, can often approach truth more closely than any except the most proficient professionals. Our first important job, therefore, was casting. In this as in every other phase our guide, quite naturally, was the script. A careful breakdown of its needs had given us a knowledge of the number of actors required, but, more importantly, we had by now arrived at a conception of each character in the four films. Hammid and I discussed these people as if they were alive, analyzing their motives, placing them in situations outside the script, watching them react under many circumstances.

Together we began to interview literally hundreds of prospects Each of us made separate evaluations of the candidates and by consultation arrived at our final casts. In every case, before a final choice was made, each prospective actor was seen under as many circumstances as possible. We were casting for personality traits as well as for physical appearance, and it would help us, and the actors, if the real person were psychologically close to the role he was to portray.

After ten hectic days the casting was complete and the crew arrived. The members of a documentary film crew are usually very different from the technicians who make Hollywood films. Most of our men are in films because they like them; because they feel they are an important means of communication. They have spent years learning their crafts and are technicians of the highest caliber. Most of the seven members of the crew knew each other and had worked together many times. Some of them had been drawn to films from other fields. Our unit manager had studied art at Harvard and had spent a year learning about acting at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. The cameraman had come to films from music; he had conducted a successful music school. He had photographed many outstanding documentaries including "Valley of the Tennessee," "Library of Congress," and "Toscanini: Hymn of the Nations." Our electrician had been stage manager for many broadway productions. These individuals, each doing an important job, were welded into a smoothly operating team.

The function of the director of documentary films is to direct the creative

—*From "This Charming Couple."*

"Non-professionals can often approach the truth more closely."

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abilities of the cast and crew toward the realization of the script. We were sure of our crew; what about our cast? Would our plan of using non-professionals to carry important speaking parts work? We could no longer rely upon the old method of recording the activities of a man or woman performing familiar tasks in their own environment; we must help our actors to create truth on the screen with unfamiliar words spoken in unfamiliar situations. A superficial understanding of the meaning of the lines is not sufficient, they must be deeply felt and emotionally experienced. This meant that as directors we must know our cast as people, understanding what makes up their personalities.

In achieving this, Stephens College was a great help. They gave us a beautiful house to live in, where we spent our free time, crew and cast together, learning many things about each other, building mutual understanding and respect. The long evenings were filled with discussion and with looking at other documentary films. In this way we learned many things which helped us during shooting. As much of a documentary film director's work is done while he is relaxing as when he is under the pressure of the actual filming; it is during his free time that he gets to know the people with whom he is working. When he knows them well he can help them to find the things within themselves which can be used to create the feeling of truth so essential to the film.

If an actor needed to portray a moment of triumph and was having trouble with it, the director could take him to one side and help him to recall how he felt when he had overcome a particularly difficult problem in his daily life. By now the director knew a great many such stories about the actor. He might know that the girl who was playing her first love scene had never kissed a boy until she had gone home for her Christmas vacation that year. He could caution the crew against kidding her and he could sympathize with, and use (if it fitted the script), her flushed embarrassment after she had kissed the handsome young man who played the scene with her. The director, taking advantage of his knowledge of the people with whom he was working, might sometimes change the script so that it came closer to an actual life experience for his actors, if the change did not alter the original intention of the writer.

When the job is going well, the director knows it by many signs. He awakens in the morning anxious to get to work. He has to be told that if he shoots another scene that day the crew will be on overtime pay. He feels the results of his direction in the smooth coordination of many personalities working toward the single goal of dramatizing the written words of the script for the audience. He and his cast and crew are relaxed and happy, and they work hard. This was such a job.

Willard Van Dyke was a camerman on "The River" and has directed such classic documentary films as "The City," "Valleytown," and "Journey Into Medicine." He is a partner in Affiliated Film Producers, Inc.

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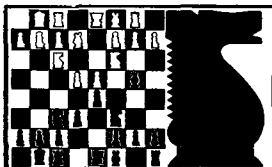

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Greater is he who is above temptation than he who being tempted overcomes.

—A. B. Alcott.

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The Film Forum

TEACHERS AND SCHOOLS

***The Saturday Review's* Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.**

WHO WILL TEACH YOUR CHILD?

Produced by the National Film Board of Canada. Available for purchase from McGraw-Hill Text-Films, 330 W. 42nd St., New York 18, N. Y.; for rental from leading educational and commercial film libraries. (24 min.)

The most pressing educational problems today revolve around the shortage of teachers and the overcrowdedness of schools, with the added disturbing factor that little is being done to attract new qualified and interested people to the teaching profession.

The film tells first about the life of the pre-school child. Curious about the world around him, full of a variety of mental and physical energies, he is often a trial to his parents. But he is trying to satisfy his many curiosities. At every moment of his life, even when he is asleep, he is learning about the world and his place in it. When he is old enough, he goes to school, where his normal drive to know the answers to a thousand questions can be channeled into useful learning. There for hundreds of weeks of his life he will be guided by teachers who will influence him in innumerable ways.

We see a variety of means in which teachers meet this challenge. One competent teacher diverts a personal near-tragedy in a boy's life into a "lesson in living" for the entire class, but another teacher with inadequate training and understanding finds herself unable to cope with even basic problems of maintaining student interest and discipline. What can be done to see that your children's education is in the hands of competent, well-trained, mature people? Who will satisfy their need to know?

This film is a new version of a Canadian film, revised for American audiences and released here this month. Parts of the film are excellent, especially in the first half, where the young child's natural expressiveness beautifully shows his impulsive curiosity and his delight with the world and with himself. The commentary throughout is well written and sympathetically spoken. Though the film has some weak moments, it is an effective and important presentation of some important problems in public education today. Teachers and parents everywhere should see it.

SCOTTISH UNIVERSITIES

Produced and distributed by the British Information Services, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y. (22 min.)

This is a charming study of Scotland's famous universities—St. Andrew's, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and Edinburgh. The magnificent old buildings tell of an honored academic tradition which ranks with the best. Under new governmental provisions which make higher education available to nearly every young person, the universities have their own problems of too many students and too few teachers—and a great deal of determination to solve them. Like most of the British films this one is a pleasure to see and hear.

TEACHERS' CRISIS

Produced by the March of Time. Available for purchase from the March of Time, 369 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; for rental from a few educational and commercial film libraries. (17 min.)

A great deal of money has gone into America's school buildings, the film says, but what happens inside? We see again the overcrowded classrooms, overburdened and often incompetent teachers. The film also makes an excellent behind-the-scenes excursion into the lives of these teachers. Those with families must supplement their incomes with extra work. Even so, more than 300,000 have left their jobs since 1940 for more lucrative work. In addition to the ignominy of being underpaid, teachers are open to constant scrutiny and criticism for the mildest deviation from the rules about personal conduct which the community imposes upon them.

The film ends with a review of the work of the NEA and the U. S. Office of Education in bringing these facts to the attention of the public. The bill for Federal aid to schools is brought up as one helpful way in which to attack the problems.

"The Teachers' Crisis" is a good, typical March of Time summary of the educational situation in the U. S. Unfortunately, only a few 16mm. prints of the film have been distributed; the film has not been publicized by its producer, mainly because they felt that the film is too timely to be of extended use.

Another film, "The American Teacher," is available from the March of Time and from a wider number of rental libraries—but this one lacks most of the directness of "The Teachers' Crisis." It ends with the statement of a controversy which at best is mainly old hat—progressive education vs. the other kind. This part of the film looks as if it were shot at least two decades ago, and the arguments sound at least that old. So if you are interested in an up-to-date picture of the educational scene, be sure to get "The Teachers' Crisis" instead of "The American Teacher"—if you can.

—CECILE STARR.

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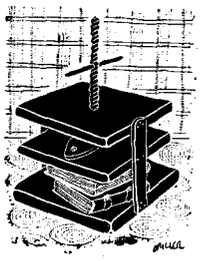
The Schoolman's Den

Important Educational Books of 1948-49



THE shelf of books published during 1948-49 for educators and parents concerned with educational problems is neither as large nor as rich as that of the year before. As the check-list below suggests, there has been a shift in interest. Books on educational philosophy and methods, and on wartime experiences, have almost disappeared from publishers' lists, while there is a new burgeoning interest in student guidance at every age level. The problems of financial support of the schools and of relations between the schools and the community continue to be the burden of many important volumes.

This year's list is tightly selective. All books designed for use as texts in the classroom have been excluded. Reference works dealing with educational matters will be listed in a new general survey of reference books to be published shortly in *SRL*.

—R. W., Jr.

Higher Education

EDUCATION AND THE UNIVERSITY. By Frank Raymond Leavis. New York: George W. Stewart. 171 pp. $2.75. A plea for an experimental college where the discipline of literature would be primary, but would make use of "all other subjects."

AMERICAN STUDIES. By Tremaine McDowell. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press. 96 pp. $1.50. From a survey of more than thirty colleges and universities, the author concludes that the current trend is away from extreme specialization toward a synthesis of knowledge.

COLLEGE TEACHING AND COLLEGE LEARNING. By Ordway Tead. New Haven: Yale University Press. 56 pp. $2. Reviewed in this issue.

THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN: A HISTORY. By Merle Curti and Vernon Carstensen. Madison: University of Wisconsin Press. Vol. I, 739 pp. Vol. II, 668 pp. $6 a vol., $10 the set. A definitive official history of the University from 1848 to 1925. To be reviewed in an early issue of *SRL*.

NATIONS IN THE MEDIEVAL UNIVERSITIES. By Pearl Kilbre. New York: The Medieval Academy. 240 pp. $5. A study of how the institution of the "nation" appeared in medieval universities. A careful, definitive study.

PACIFIC ERA. Edited by William Wyatt Davenport. Honolulu: University of Hawaii. 286 pp. $3.75. A collection of speeches delivered at the celebration of the fourteenth anniversary of the University of Hawaii. The papers delivered by President Karl T. Compton of M.I.T., Charles Seymour of Yale, and Howard L. Bevis of Ohio State University display a catholicity of interest in the relation of education to the world and its problems.

THE PEOPLE'S COLLEGES. By Ruby Green Smith. Ithaca, New York: Cornell University Press. 612 pp. $4.75. A report on the training in agriculture, home economics, and kindred subjects given through New York State by Cornell's Extension Service.

PLANNING THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY BUILDING. By John Ely Burchard and others. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. 162 pp. $2.50. A report on the story that was made before the construction of the University's Firestone Memorial Library.

WELLESLEY: Part of the American Story. By Alice Payne Hackett. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 320 pp. $5. Reviewed in this issue.

TRENDS IN MEDICAL EDUCATION. Edited by Mahlon Ashford. New York: Commonwealth Fund. 334 pp. $3. Addresses on medical training at all levels delivered before the New York Academy of Medicine Institute on Medical Education.

THE CAMPUS OF THE FIRST STATE UNIVERSITY. By Archibald Henderson. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 428 pp. $5. Published as part of the university's sesquicentennial, this volume tells of the evolution of the University of North Carolina campus.

Primary and Secondary Education

FINANCIAL CONTROL OF EDUCATION IN THE CONSOLIDATED CITY OF NEW YORK. By Rose N. Cohen. New York: Teachers College, Columbia niversity. 212 pp. $3. A detailed study of the situation in the nation's largest city, revealing the interaction of political and educational agencies on local and state levels.

SUPERINTENDENT AND SCHOOL BOARD. By Ralph V. Hunkins. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press. 132 pp. A small manual intended for superintendents in smaller communities. Routine relations of the superintendent and his board are explained and analyzed.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CHILD. By Lawrence Augustus Averill. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 459 pp. $4. Intended for teachers in training and in service, this is not primarily a textbook, but an advanced inquiry into a highly formative period.

EDUCATION THROUGH ART. By Herbert Edward Read. New York: Pantheon Books. 343 pp. $5.50. Reviewed in this issue.

OUR TEACHERS MOLD OUR NATION'S FUTURE. By Geraldine Saltzberg. New York: The Macmillan Co. 204 pp. $2.25. Routine classroom problems, habit training, and teacher-community cooperation are illuminated through the use of case histories.

BETTER LEARNING THROUGH CURRENT MATERIALS. Edited by Lucien Blair Kinney and Katherine Dresden. Stanford, Calif.: Stanford University Press. 200 pp. $3. Suggestions for the use of newspapers, periodicals, radio, film, recordings, forums, etc., in high school teaching. A compilation of case histories from a three-year experiment in California.

TEXTBOOKS IN EDUCATION. New York: American Textbook Publishers Institute. 139 pp. $2. A report on the work and concerns of the textbook publishing industry and their organization, written with urbanity.

School and Community Relations

YOUR PART IN YOUR CHILD'S EDUCATION. By Bess B. Lane. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 252 pp. $2.50. Addressed primarily to parents and parent leaders, this volume suggests ways in which parent associations may increase their usefulness and cooperate fruitfully with schools and other organizations responsible for educating their children.

ELMTOWN'S YOUTH. By A. B. Hollingshead. New York: John Wiley & Sons. 480 pp. $5. A study of the activities and outlook of adolescents in a typical American community. Reviewed by Robert S. Lynd in *SRL* July 2.

SCHOOL AND COMMUNITY PROGRAMS. Edited by Edward Gustav Olsen. New York: Prentice-Hall. 524 pp. $5.65. A casebook of successful community-school projects in various subject fields and at all levels from kindergarten through adult education

General

EDUCATION IN A DIVIDED WORLD. By James Bryant Conant. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 249 pp. $3. The president of Harvard undertakes to introduce laymen to the goal of American education: the production of free human beings in a free society. He lays special emphasis on development of the public education system. His "toughness and freshness of outlook . . . are gratifying and illuminating," wrote Ordway Tead in *SRL* Nov. 6, 1948.

PRINCIPLES OF VOCATIONAL EDUCATION. By Franklin Jefferson Keller. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 402 pp. $3.50. A general discussion of the philosophical principles underlying this type of education.

FEDERAL AID TO ELEMENTARY AND SECONDARY EDUCATION. By Charles Albert Quattlebaum. Chicago: Public Administration Service. 191 pp. $2. An analytic study of the issue, its background, and relevant legislative proposals, as well as a compilation of arguments pro and con, statistical data, and digests of pertinent reports and surveys. Valuable to administrators as a reference work.

EDUCATION FOR LIFE. By John Owen Gross. Nashville: Abingdon-Cokesbury. 219 pp. $2.25. Stirred by the "education-for-death" philosophy taught by the Nazis, the author seeks a form of education that can produce a life-giving culture. He believes he has found it in the training of Americans in their Christian culture.

EDUCATION FOR PEACE. By Herbert Read. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 166 pp. $2.75. Reviewed in this issue.

CRISIS IN EDUCATION. By Bernard Iddings Bell. New York: Whittlesey House. 237 pp. $3. Canon Bell offers a sharp indictment of our educational system on every level. "A wise and frightening book," H. A. Overstreet wrote of it in *SRL* April 30, 1949.

IMPACT OF THE WAR UPON AMERICAN EDUCATION. By I. L. Kandel. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 285 pp. $4.25. Among the topics treated are educational deficiencies revealed by World War II, education and the armed forces, and international cultural relations. By an authority in the field of international relations.

LOYALTY TO FACTS. By Patterson Wardlow. Columbia: University of South Carolina Press. 163 pp. $3. Eighteen addresses on educational matters by the director of the University's School of Education.

RELIGION AND EDUCATION UNDER THE CONSTITUTION. By J. M. O'Neill. New York: Harper & Bros. 350 pp. $4. AMERICAN FREEDOM AND CATHOLIC POWER. By Paul Blanshard. Boston: The Beacon Press. 350 pp. $3.50. In these two volumes is debated the question of whether parochial schools should share in public support. Mr. O'Neill's book presents the Roman Catholic argument that to give the schools support from public funds would not violate the Constitutional provision for the separation of Church and state. Although Mr. Blanshard's book is a broad criticism of Roman Catholic policy, much of what he says centers about schools.

LIFE AND EDUCATION IN EARLY SOCIETIES. By Thomas Woody. New York: The Macmillan Co. 845 pp. $7.50. A history of educational practices in Egypt, Greece, Rome, and other ancient civilizations.

Student Guidance

MEASURING AND GUIDING INDIVIDUAL GROWTH. By Ben De Kalb Wood and Ralph Haefner. New York: Silver, Burdett & Co. 535 pp. $4.60. Offers through a fictionized dialogue form information about individual differences in children, instruments to measure them, and methods of guidance. Of use primarily to classroom teachers.

BEHIND THE ACADEMIC CURTAIN. By Archibald MacIntosh. New York: Harper & Bros. 174 pp. $2.50. A study of what happens to students after their enrollment at college, based on a survey of 276 American colleges. Factors affecting student mortality, guidance problems, and the student's eventual destiny are treated sagely and with balance by the vice president of Haverford College.

FACTORS AFFECTING THE ADMISSION OF HIGH SCHOOL SENIORS TO COLLEGE. A Report by Elmo Roper for the Committee on a Study of Discrimination in College Admissions. Washington: American Council on Education. 396 pp. $3.50. ON GETTING INTO COLLEGE. Washington: American Council on Education. 99 pp. $1. The first volume contains the basic tables of a study of 15,000 high school seniors seeking admission to college. The second volume summarizes the first, pointing out the factors affecting desire to attend college and success in attaining admission.

GUIDANCE POLICY AND PRACTICE. By Robert Hurday Mathewson. New York: Harper & Bros. 308 pp. $3 An exposition of the theory underlying student guidance practice.

COUNSELING THE INDIVIDUAL STUDENT. By John W. M. Rothney and Bert A. Roens. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 372 pp. $3. Case histories of individual students designed for the use of secondary school and college counselors.

APPRAISING VOCATIONAL FITNESS. By Donald Edwin Soper. New York: Harper & Bros. 748 pp. $6. A report on a research program into the nature and efficiency of several vocational aptitude tests currently in use.

International

EDUCATION FOR A NEW JAPAN. By Robert King Hall. New Haven: Yale University Press. 503 pp. $6. A study of the re-education of the Japanese people after World War II by a man who was chief of the education sub-section of GHQ in Tokyo and is now professor of comparative education at Columbia's Teachers College. To be reviewed in an early issue.

SHUSHIN: THE ETHICS OF A DEFEATED NATION. By Robert King Hall. New York: Bureau of Publications, Teachers College. 260 pp. $3. An analysis of the way ethics was taught in Japan just before World War II.

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(Continued on page 50)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 49)

STAGE DIRECTOR, wide experience college, community drama, wishes find group anxious create genuine regional theatre. Box A-21.

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MOTHER, WIDOW with son 9, would like to add to her family (for pay) two more young ones of comparable ages. Living in progressive small Vermont town, good public schools, etc., on N. Y. Central R. R. Route 7. Problem children not my line. Box A-73.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN seeks correspondence with enlightened, lively girl who can discuss with him the fields of government and writing and laugh objectively at the frustrations besetting our endeavors. Although of humble background and a child at heart, he has shown modest accomplishments in writing and as a lawyer with the government. Box A-74.

WOMAN, country enthusiast, nature-lover would correspond with kindred spirits. Box A-75.

WANT TO BUY recent set Encyclopedia Britannica. Box A-76.

HONORABLY DISCHARGED SPAR, 36, Virginian, desires position as companion or in motherless home. Box A-77.

INTERESTED STARTING BUSINESS at home or outside? Department store buyer will plan everything. Box A-78.

ATTRACTIVE, enthusiastic librarian seeks proper niche. B.S. in education. B.S. in liberal sciences, 9 years' experience school and public library work. Children's reference, assistant and head librarian. Box A-80.

GENTLEMAN SEEKS ADVENTURE in correspondence with lovely lady, possessing imagination. Box A-81.

LIMITED NUMBER OF GUESTS welcomed year 'round at "Little Lake," owner's own home. Weekend or longer. Situated 3 miles from Harmon station, easily reached by car; offers complete privacy and seclusion. Charming, homelike house standing above own private lake, surrounded by 100 acres of woodland. Excellent food. $15 daily, reduction, longer stay. Box A-82.

VERSATILE, MATURE MALE invites correspondence with unspoiled girl. Favoritism: musician (organ) or artist. Box A-83.

DISCERNING YOUNG MAN, sensitive, sincere and simple, wants work among similar people. Salary of secondary importance. Have graphic arts training. Box A-84.

FREE FRENCH LESSONS! by young gentleman native, college background, in exchange room with nice family. Box A-85.

WANTED: Alert young men and women to act as local representatives in exciting new national plan to show the finest foreign motion pictures through community groups on subscription basis; selling to influential civic, cultural, educational, charitable organizations a method of bringing to towns of 25,000-200,000, films they could not otherwise see and raising funds for organizational purposes. This is beginning of large-scale national campaign sponsored by leading distributors of foreign films in U. S. Drawing account against substantial share of net proceeds. Applicants write full details. Box A-131.

WHY DON'T YOU WRITE? Writing short stories, articles, etc., will enable you to earn extra money. In your spare time we teach you to write the way newspapermen learn . . . by writing. Free "Writing Aptitude Test" tells whether you possess the fundamental qualities essential to successful writing. Veterans! This course approved for Veterans' Training. Write today! NEWSPAPER INSTITUTE OF AMERICA, Suite 5219-P, 1 Park Ave., NYC 16.

HAVE LARGEST BARN in Westchester County, what could you do with it? Come and see it, Sundays only. Ray Cole, Lewis Road, Irvington, N. Y.

WINTER RESIDENCE for children under 12. North Carolina. Complete elementary tutoring, music, dancing, all sports. Foreign children welcomed. Box A-87.

TEACHER OF RUSSIAN language and economics, desires employment. E. B. 253 West 102 St., Apt. 1-B. NYC 25.

MIDINETTE IN A RUT seeks strong, manly scribbler. Box A-89.

HONOR AMONG COOKS by Mary B. Spahr, M.D. gives the proud possessor superfine and proven ideas for using what is in the larder, and the Friends Service Committee its royalties for the world's hungry children. Copies, $2 each postpaid from CURRANT HOUSE, Ithaca, N. Y.

VIRGINIA WOMAN wants to be generally useful to woman living alone, anywhere. ($100 per month). Replies confidential. Box A-91.

UPPER MIDDLE-AGED GENT invites letter exchange on theistics, literature, better music, general events. Box A-94.

YOUNG MAN, pursuing Master's Degree, bright future, semi-introvert, seeks correspondence with mature female, capable instilling confidence and drive seriously lacking. Honestly sought. Box A-95.

MALE desires secretary-companion position, 31, energetic, gay personality, available Oct. Box A-96.

PARISIAN LADY, middle-age, B.A. French, English, wishes position companion, governess, secretary, anywhere. Box A-97.

EASTERN NEWSPAPERMAN varied daily, feature experience, best references, wants change. Box A-98.

VIVACIOUS, lonely femme, mature, idealistic, desires correspondence with cultured gentleman for discussion of art, music, literature. Box A-99.

ATTRACTIVE, EXPERIENCED SECRETARY, versatile, adaptable woman, wants permanent job anywhere in Florida. Box A-100.

CHICAGO EXECUTIVE: Mature secretary (eager, perceptive) will assist you intelligently. Box A-101.

PLAYWRIGHT to assist author to re-write published one-act play popular with amateurs. Job is to make it meet current professional requirements. No attention paid to answers unless record of performance and references are supplied. Box A-102.

LIBRARIAN, woman, experienced, general reference work, available NYC, part or full time. Box A-103.

ARTIST, GRADUATE STUDENT, male, 25, desires large light room for studio housekeeping in liberal surroundings to $45 monthly, Manhattan. Box A-105.

ERRANDS IN FRANCE capably performed by Amherst graduate, best references, sailing Oct. Box A-105.

YOUNG ENGLISH PAINTER has villa near Venice with intimate Browning associations and desires contact American painters, writers or musicians willing to share as paying guests from Oct. 1949. Six rooms available at cost of $160 per month for full board. Write: Robert Tollast, 59 Harrington Gardens, London, S.W. 7, Eng.

INTERESTED IN CLOTHES, fashions, style, modes? Unusual, exotic, historic, fetishes? Let's exchange ideas. Box 1037-H.

ATTRACTIVE, NEAT, young, mature, graduate, cultured, conscientious, ambitious, sincere, adventurous, congenial, adjustable male desires position as companion, tutor, chaperone, traveler, correspondent. References. Box A-108.

VACATIONS

KANDAHAR LODGE, Manchester, Vt. Beautiful fall foliage. Restful, informal. All sports. Library, records. Reservations available. September, October. Reasonable. Folder.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, New York. Delightful peaceful homestead. Adults only. Tempting meals. Inexpensive. North Clove 2421.

GREEN SHADOWS, Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

COUNTRY VACATION! SUDBURY INN on Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vt. Superlative food. Crow-bar.

DIFFERENT FROM THE REST. Accommodates 55. 30th Season. Rates $12 a day, $70 a week. TED OHMER'S WESTERN VIEW FARM, New Milford, Conn. Tel: New Milford 440.

BERMUDA—FOR RENT, well-furnished cottages on waterfront, near Hamilton. Box 203 Hamilton, Bermuda.

BROOKFIELD, CONN. Writing? Resting? Then it's PUMPKIN HILL FARM. Lovely, unique home of famous author. Good food. Informal, pool, superb scenery. Also cottage, bath. New Milford 1109.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 807

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

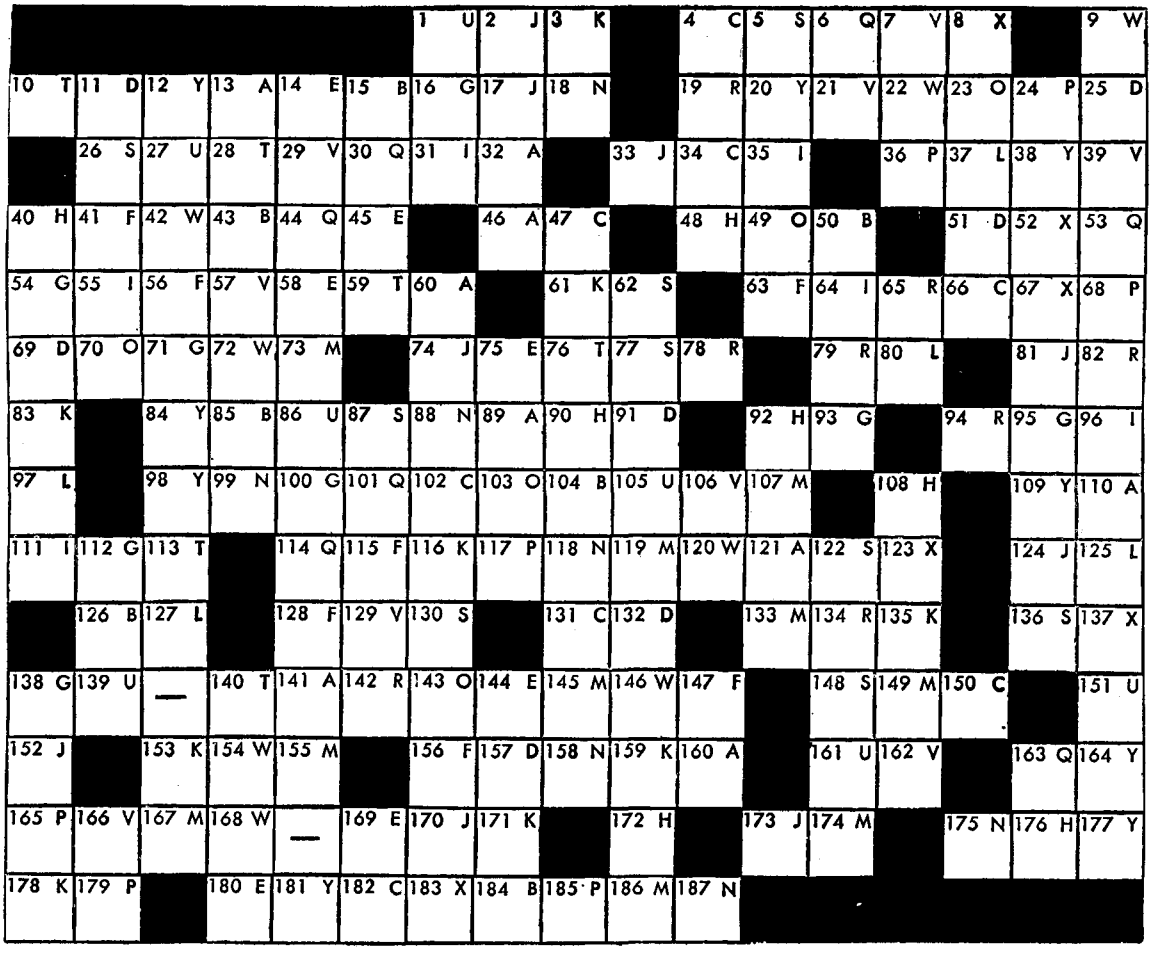
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Of the best quality (colloq.; comp.).	32 46 110 121 13 141 89 60 160
B. English novelist and dramatist (1867-1931; "Five Towns").	126 104 43 184 15 50 85
C. Lower Chamber of former Czechoslovakian Parliament.	47 34 102 66 131 4 150 182
D. Governor of New York State when Tweed Ring activities were at their height.	91 157 11 132 51 69 25
E. A western province of Canada.	75 180 58 45 14 169 144
F. Anxious and fearful.	156 128 56 115 41 63 147
G. Haughty; disdainful.	54 16 71 100 93 112 138 95
H. Anthem or hymn at the beginning of the Communion service (Anglican Church).	108 48 90 40 92 172 176
I. A city in "Kubla Khan."	64 96 31 111 35 55
J. American painter noteworthy as an impressionist (1853-1902).	81 170 33 17 2 124 74 173 152
K. Shell-heap site in Denmark, type station for a culture of the Stone Age.	135 116 153 3 61 171 159 178 83
L. Minor character in "Richard II."	127 37 97 125 80
M. In a neat, clear, distinct style (It.; music direction).	186 155 133 145 119 174 107 73 167 149

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. To fish for salmon with a grapple (Brit.).	175 88 99 118 187 18 158
O. Foster-father of King Arthur (Arthurian romance).	23 143 70 49 103
P. Appellation of "City" for that part of Rome containing the Vatican.	179 36 117 165 185 68 24
Q. One excessively zealous, esp. in religious matters.	101 114 163 53 6 30 44
R. Feast of Weeks or Pentecost (Jewish holiday).	78 82 65 19 142 79 94 134
S. Town in S. Africa rich in diamond mines (besieged in Boer War).	77 5 148 136 130 26 122 87 62
T. The home city in New York State of Mark Twain's bride.	140 59 113 10 76 28
U. A slice of bread spread with butter and usually preserved fruit (Fr.).	1 161 86 139 151 105 27
V. Linked in series.	106 57 21 39 129 7 162 166 29
W. A kind of tobacco moistened with molasses.	154 72 120 42 168 9 146 22
X. In the manner of fear or fright.	52 137 183 67 8 123
Y. Gave full particulars.	84 38 20 109 164 12 177 181 98

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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1849 { GOLD RUSH CENTENNIAL } 1949

JOHN A. SUTTER

We, who produce THE ENCYCLOPEDIA AMERICANA today, are indeed proud of the part THE AMERICANA played in the discovery of gold in these United States. For gold was, in very fact, discovered not only in the sawmill on the American river, but also in the ENCYCLOPEDIA AMERICANA, which was then just twenty years old. And here, reproduced from the original in Captain Sutter's office, is the proof.

SUTTER'S PRIVATE OFFICE

(Reproduction)

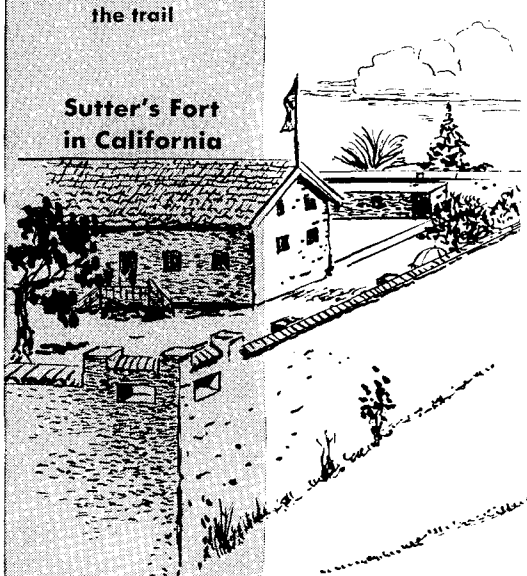
In the original room on this site Captain Sutter kept his books and private papers. His library, in the early days of the Fort, was very limited; it contained some books on medicine, a formula book, a Bible, some German books, and a set of the Encyclopedia Americana.

No room in the Fort is more intimately connected with the discovery of gold in California than was Sutter's office, to which James W. Marshall brought the first small pieces he had discovered at Colona, some forty miles up the American River from here, in January, 1848. Quoting from Captain Sutter's account:

"It was a rainy afternoon when Mr. Marshall arrived at my office in the Fort, very wet. (Jan. 28, 1848) . . . He told me that he had some important news to communicate secretly to me, and wished to go where we would not be disturbed. I took him to my private rooms; he asked that I lock the door; I complied, but at the same time told him nobody was in the house except the clerk. He asked for something, which I had a servant bring, but I forgot to lock the door again, so that it happened the clerk opened it just the moment Marshall took a rag from his pocket and was showing me the precious metal. He put it back in his pocket quickly and was angry. When the clerk left, he said, 'Now lock that door!' and I did. Then he showed me this metal . . . I proved it with aqua fortis, likewise with other experiments, and after reading the long article "Gold" in the Encyclopedia Americana, I declared this to be gold of the finest quality."

Panning for Gold

Prospector on the trail



Sutter's Fort in California

On that very rainy afternoon, THE AMERICANA aided in one of the most important discoveries in American history. In 1949, THE AMERICANA will be one of your most important discoveries; for today it contains among its 66,000 articles, not only an excellent article on gold, but thousands of other nuggets of knowledge on all phases of American and world life. There are 30 volumes, 24,000 pages, 250,000 entries, over 6,600 illustrations and hundreds of maps, charts, and bibliographies. Worldwide in scope, American in interpretation, use it for all essential information.

Encyclopedia AMERICANA

For full particulars regarding the Encyclopedia Americana, write the Americana Corporation, Educational Division, 2 West 45th Street, New York 19, N.Y.

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